

FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1919

Reedy's MIRROR

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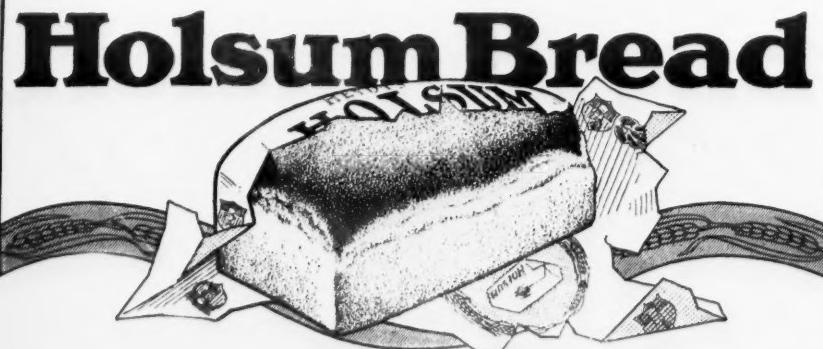
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New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

THE AVALANCHE by Gertrude Atherton. New York: D. Appleton. \$1.50.

An excellently written detective story about a big ruby that gets high society and the half-world and the underworld of San Francisco all tangled up. A wise detective straightens things out. The book is better literature than most detective stories, even the most famous

WASHINGTON, THE MAN WHO MADE US by Percy Mackaye. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.75.

This is "a ballad play," made out of a biography of the Father of his Country. Washington, as the foremost American, shaping by his ever-living spirit the events of here and now; but not Washington, the steel engraving; Washington, the very human man. Here, too, are Hamilton, Tom Paine, Lafayette and others. There are six scene-designs by Robert E. Jones, some of which remind one of the work of Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt. The ballads in the play are founded on Appalachian mountain folk songs. The play has fourteen "transitions" and sixteen "actions," which latter are actable themselves, apart from the play as a whole. Throughout the production the influence of the "movie" idea is evident.

THE WAY OF A MAN by Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton. \$1.50.

Herein the author of "The Clansman"—later "The Birth of a Nation"—essays a romance of twentieth century New York. A beautiful radical woman breaks down the moral resistance of "a splendid man" with whom she falls in love. The outcome is "a warning against the spirit of restlessness and discontent from which our 'advanced thinkers' materialize" into such new versions of "Venus and Adonis."

SUBMARINE AND ANTI-SUBMARINE by Sir Henry Newbolt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25.

Sir Henry Newbolt is a splendid singer of the sea. In this book he does something in prose that is like a similar work of Rudyard Kipling, but it is more specific as to its information. He tells of many submarine fights and thrilling stories they are. The spirit of submarine warfare, the evolution of the "tin fish," operations of the craft in the Baltic and the Dardanelles, the trawlers, smacks and drifters, the Q-boats, the achievement at Zeebrugge and Ostend—these are the titles of chapters in this story of fact told by an artist in words.

WOMAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

A frank and unsentimental study by an anonymous author of the manifold activities of modern women in their psychological aspect. There are some sensational things in it.

THE WORLD WAR AND ITS CONSEQUENCES by William Herbert Hobbs. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Lectures in the Course on Patriotism, delivered at the University of Pittsburg during the summer session of 1918, by the Professor of Geology in the University of Michigan. Theodore Roosevelt says, in the introduction, that if he could choose only one book to be put in the hand of every man and woman in the United States at this time, this is the book that he would select. An examination of the roots of the war, with some observations upon the needs of the present.

OKWOOD OF THE SECRET SERVICE by Valentine Williams. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50.

A novel, the title of which is indicative of its nature.

AFTERCLOW by James Fenimore Cooper, Jr. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.00.

Poems by the great grandson and namesake of the novelist of the Leatherstocking Tales. He was of the class of 1913 at Yale, Captain in the 308th Field Artillery and died at Camp Dix on February 17, 1918. A foreword is contributed by Professor Henry Augustin Beers, a former college instructor of the author. Included with the poems is a small essay on religion.

ART PRINCIPLES by Ernest Govett. New York: E. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

A simple and direct statement of the chief basic principles which must guide workers in the respective arts, though dealing particu-

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larly with painting. The latter art is divided into sections, as sacred and classical designs, portraiture, landscape, etc. The author like-wise includes fiction. There is a photograph frontispiece from Fragonard, and thirty other illustrations.

PENNY OF TOP HILL TRAIL by Belle Kanaris Maniates. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Co., \$1.35.

A rattling good mystery yarn with a lot of love thrown in.

ANCHORS AWAY by Harriet Welles. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Secretary Daniels of the Cabinet says in reference to one of the short stories of this book, "The Admiral's Birthday": "This isn't merely a story of the navy; it is a classic." Of another the secretary says it is an epic. The navy is sympathetically and swiftly interpreted in these stories and others. They live up to Secretary Daniels' introduction.

WAR FINANCER by Clarence W. Barron. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$1.50.

An analysis of the financial aspects of the war and a discussion of reconstruction finance, written as the result of the author's recent trip abroad to investigate these subjects. "The keystone of reconstruction is finance."

GOLDEN STARS AND OTHER VERSES by Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

Twelve poems by an American poet both forcible and graceful. The title piece is a memorial poem. The others, as the author says, are "a wayside record of some of the varied feelings of an old lover of peace who was willing to fight for it."

DERE BILL by Florence Elizabeth Summers. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co., \$75.

These letters are the answers to those included in that popular book "Dere Mable." There are forty-three illustrations in black and white by Natalie Stokes, who has caught and fixed all the funny aspects of Mable and her Rookie.

THE LADY FROM LONG ACRE by Victor Bridges. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.60.

The author of "A Rogue by Compulsion" tells how Sir Antony Conway, better known as Tony, and Tiger Bugg, hero of the prize ring, come upon an adventure in Long Acre when they see a young woman trying to escape from two well-dressed men. There are happenings galore. Much drama and some keen satire.

THE SONG OF THREE FRIENDS by John G. Neihardt. New York: The MacMillan Co. \$1.25.

A narrative poem of the upper Missouri River country in the early eighteen-twenties, much in the style of the author's former long poem, "The Song of Hugh Glass." It may be said to be the substance of the old time dime novel touched with something of genius that makes for rare poetry.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS by John McCrae. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$1.00.

This book's title poem is, without doubt, the one poem of the war which has found universal acceptance as expressing the highest spirit and motive of the conflict. Other poems by the physician, soldier and poet who died a Lieutenant Colonel with the Canadian Forces, have much interest, but none of them strikes the chord which has echoed in every heart in response to the first rondeau. There is an essay in character upon McCrae by Sir Andrew Macphail. Woven into this essay are many letters from McCrae. The essay itself is a piece of literature. There is a facsimile of the title poem in the author's hand and two photographs of him, one with his dog, Bonneau.

THE DUCHESS OF SIONA by Ernest Goodwin. New York: The Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$1.60.

A second novel by the young English author of "The Caravan Man." An historical romance of the Italian Renaissance, with plenty of warmth and color, and illustrations in keeping by W. T. Benda.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Fight on the League

By William Marion Reedy

THE fight on the League of Nations is a fizzle. It is a fizzle because there's no reason in it. The motive of the fight is hatred—hatred of Great Britain, hatred of Woodrow Wilson, hatred of democracy, hatred of the mere possibility of free trade. Let us say even that opposition is due to suspicion of Great Britain, and we are back again to hatred, for suspicion is hatred. The best fight put up anywhere has been that of Mr. Frank Putnam in the columns of this paper—which I have printed to emphasize my belief in government by discussion and my dissent from proscription of ideas—and Mr. Putnam is eloquent and forceful, as I opine, solely upon the basis of unwarranted assumptions that we don't know what we are about and are to be made to "hold the bag." There is nothing in the covenant to justify this. We are not at the mercy of those who covenant with us. We surrender nothing of sovereignty in agreeing to consider disputes between nations and upon certain conditions to enforce the decisions of those disputes. We yield nothing of the Monroe Doctrine except an admission that some nation on this hemisphere may appeal to the League against us. Not to admit that would be to assume Berchtold's attitude towards Sir Edward Gray's proposal to submit the *demande* to Serbia to the Hague. "What?" said the Austrian premier, "submit to an areopagus? Never." There is nothing in the covenant that binds us to act on any will but our own as a mandatory power. There is nothing, so far, at least, that makes the League the determinator of the extent of our armament. There is nothing that binds us to help any of the powers to suppress revolution or rebellion among their subjects. We are not committed to sharing those nations' war debts. We are not irrevocably bound to remain in the League; when conditions compel we may withdraw. The League cannot compel us to stay in the League as the North compelled the South to stay in the Union.

Far from perfect is the covenant, at this stage. But the covenant must be affected by the treaty with the enemy of which it is the preliminary basis. The terms of that treaty will be interpretative of the covenant. Until we know those terms we cannot know as much of the meaning of the covenant as we would wish. Thus, I should say, we cannot discuss intelligently our commitments to the financial aspects of the league upon mere irresponsible rumor or on assumption that Lombard street and the Bourse are to hang the war bill chiefly upon us. Mr. William Jennings Bryan contributes suggestions that give light without malefic heat. He thinks that our reservations as to the Monroe Doctrine, as to the right to refuse mandatories, as to the right to withdraw from the League or to refuse to join in a war or even an economic boycott should be specifically stated in our acceptance of the covenant. Mr. Taft agrees as to the Monroe Doctrine. Those things are desirable, though not absolutely necessary, for, as I understand the League's meaning, it is not to obliterate the sovereignties of states and become a supernation. The League is a treaty which, like any other treaty, may be denounced by any party thereto at any time for cause good and sufficient to itself.

Mr. Bryan is sensible, too, in suggesting that the United States should have larger proportional representation in the executive body, because of its population, wealth and moral influence. More than that, I would have the representation of nations in the League chosen by direct vote of the people of the nations, or failing that, elected by their parliaments

or congresses, or failing that, if appointed by premiers or president, subject to confirmation or rejection by parliaments or congress. The more popular control of the League we can provide for, the more approximation to certainty we shall have that there shall be neither economic boycott nor war. If Mr. Bryan were a better economist than he is, he would not have suggested that the League decide whether a party nation shall acquire more territory. He assumes that nations are overcrowded, so that people have to leave in order to live. No nation is so crowded, save by one thing, the monopolization of unused land. Such monopolization is remediable by opening up the land to occupancy and use by all the people. Mr. Bryan's Malthusianism is passe. Free trade is necessary to permit such expansion, if any, as Mr. Bryan has in mind, and free trade means free land. In my opinion, the thing that will most certainly disrupt the League and bring it to confusion will be the neglect to provide for free trade. With tariffs we shall have no end to exploitation and imperialism. Our hope of free trade and free land is in popular control of the League. The cards are likely to be stacked against this if the League should leave national representatives merely appointive by executives. All these suggested points of clarifying amendment are included, as I see it, in the very desirable provision for popular control of the League. To suggest these things is not to fight the League. It is to help to make it function to the end the world seeks, which is peace.

Mr. Bryan thinks that the terms of admission to the League are too hard. Requiring a two-thirds vote for admission is too much. Mr. Bryan suggests that the vote of a majority would be enough, and the conditions for membership should be fixed. They will be fixed in the terms given Germany and Austria. First those nations will be told what they must do to atone for starting the war and carrying it on with unprecedented ruthlessness. Then they will be told what they must do to qualify for admission to the League. But the League is going to take no chance on Germany, for as Mr. Taft explains, without the League, Germany cannot be hemmed in by the newly created states on her eastern border. But if Germany is to be held down to an army less than Switzerland's, and if Heligoland is to be dismantled and the Kiel canal internationalized, surely such disarmament will have to be met in some way by a like disarmament on the part of the other nations. An approach to this is indicated in forthgivings from Paris that conscription is to be abolished by all the signatory powers. On some such basis surely it will be unnecessary to hold to the provision that no nation not now engaged in framing the League shall be admitted save on a two-thirds vote of the present membership. A majority will be enough. The League of Nations should not be a League against Germany. It should not be fixed to debar Germany permanently. If left so, it will be a league not of peace, but of war. And the terms to Germany from the allies and ourselves should not make it too difficult for a reorganized and repentant Germany to meet them. The sooner Germany shall be in the League the better it will be for world peace. The world wants world peace much more than it wants "woe to the conquered," though the world certainly wants Germany to be made to pay.

Those persons who want no League of Nations at all, we may ignore. They are simply belated Clausewitzes and Trietschkes and Bernhardis. They want this country to do what Germany sought to do—impose its will, its culture, upon the world. They, like Berchtold, will have nothing to do with an areopagus. They would have this nation a law into itself, regardless of other nations. Their state

would know no law but the law of its own being, no purpose other than its own continuance and superiority. They warn us against the likelihood of our "holding the bag," but they insist that we shall be the supreme world power, controller of commerce, master of the seas. They would keep us out of a league to check any other super-power in order that we may be such super-power. The world will not stand for that, as the rally of the world against Germany has shown. The League, according to Senators Borah, Poindexter and Reed, and Mr. Frank Putnam, is one to guarantee the integrity of the British empire and to keep its bonds at par. We are not committed to holding the British empire together once it proceeds to fissiparate. We are not sworn to suppress possible revolt in Australia, Canada and India. And as for our "bullying" British bonds or taking over any British financial obligations, we may await the publication of financial arrangements for the League before passing upon them. We are committed only, so far, to a guarantee of all nations against wanton armed attack. As for the danger of being outvoted in League deliberations by monarchies or autocracies—*pouf!* Where are the autocracies in the League? What monarchs of nations in the League sway those nations? What does the monarch amount to in Great Britain, Italy, Japan? All this talk of our being at the mercy of monarchs is twaddle, infantile if not imbecilic. As for paying for the war, we will pay our share. I don't think we need fear that Uncle Sam will be "trimmed" as to the financial features of the League. He is a pretty good business man, and his good sense includes knowledge that it will pay us well, in the long run, to be generous to France, Belgium, Serbia, Czecho-Slovakia. As for France, we have already spent some helpful billions there in addition to advances of money.

The League of Nations covenant has not been shown, as yet, to contain any serious blow-holes. The blow-hards have not affected it. The strongest things that have been said against it are things that are untrue. The wisest things said about it are, like Mr. Bryan's, mere suggestions for better clarification and definition of its terms. The covenant stands unshaken in its principles and unfaulted seriously as to its details. Its severest critics simply "bite granite" or else chew the east wind. They are, as I said at the beginning of this article, those who hate Great Britain, those who hate Wilson and those who hate the democratic implications of the instrument. All Junkerdom is against the League. All Privilege is against the League. And all those imperfectly purged of Germanism are against the League. All peoples are for the League, with whatever imperfections on its head. All Bolshevism is against the League too, for the League is a tangible rationality and Bolshevism is solely fanaticism for the abolition of all practical applications of the social contract. The issue is the League or anarchy, and anarchy holds the World Ruler in its web.

The common man is for the League. The common man wants peace and he wants it by the same way in which it has been made possible thus far. To those who shriek that we must stand apart from all nations, prepared to hack our way through to what we want, I commend consideration of that message of the British general, Plummer, in Germany, to the premier, Lloyd George. General Plummer said in effect that the British soldiers in Germany would revolt if they were much longer compelled to witness the starvation of German women and children, and therefore he recommended the lifting of the blockade. There spoke the common man, God bless him. And so speaks the United States soldier in Germany. So spoke our "doughboys" in those misunderstood articles of Mr. Ralph Pulitzer in the *Post-Dispatch*. Our fighters do not want to starve the German people. They are content to have "canned the Kaiser." If the British and United States combat troops in Germany feel that, having fought the German armies, they yet like the German people, we may be sure that the masses of men from whom

those combat troops were drawn feel that the thing desired is peace and not more war. Those combat troops represent the peoples who stand menacingly over the peace conference saying the peace must be a fair one and must not contain the germs of more war. An officer of our army just back from Germany told me, on Tuesday that our boys are for the German people, that they believe that too drastic terms will drive Germans wholly into Bolshevism and that protraction of the war will spread Bolshevism in the British, French and American armies too. The common man is not for the imperialism of Borah, Poindexter and Reed, nor for *der Vereinigte Staaten über alles* in the old bad German fashion. He would have the United States "over all" in generosity and sweet reasonableness, sacrificing revenge and the rapacity of restrictions which will prevent Germany paying monstrous, impossible indemnities, to an accommodation among all nations for that peace to establish which we entered the war. Those British "Tommies" who cannot stand German women and children starving before their eyes, and those American "doughboys" are the spokesmen of that Great Power above all the world's powers that is interested in the conference. They are potential Bolsheviks. Their outcry must be heeded, not alone by those sitting in the conference, but by those American jingoes who want, at the very least, that we shall have a free hand to be the Germany of this western world. No more starvation of Germany, says the common man, and no holding out from any compact that holds fair promise of success in preventing more war. No holding out from the covenant to punish Mr. Wilson for his autolatrous assumption of being the whole United States government; no more attempts to wreck the League in order to return to power a party committed to the maintenance of war-breeding tariffs for protection; no more bolting the covenant to secure subsidized supremacy on the seas and to fly the flag from the Arctic Circle to Cape Horn. That is the platform of the common man. He will not go forth again, if need be to die, for such things. He was willing to die in arms for peace. He may be willing again to die, if need be, to destroy governments that would defeat peace.

It is a peace of peoples we seek. And there can be no peace in the world, for any considerable time, on the basis of opposition to any League of Nations. Senators Borah, Poindexter and Reed and their congeners in this country are proclaiming war. First it is trade war. Then war with fire and sword and deadly gas in the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters over the earth. The common man who makes up the world will not go to hell with those men for a Germanized United States. The League covenant is impractical, we are told. So, for that matter, is the Lord's Prayer, but most of us pray that prayer in our hearts and try to realize its aspirations in our lives. We pray for peace and we would try for it in the only way it may be had since we have found that the only other way we have been told it might be had, by war, is a horrible, ghastly failure. Peace by agreement is the one hope. Let us then try to agree for peace, ignoring the wild music of those male Valkyrs, Borah, Poindexter and Reed, as choosers of the slain. We seek, we common folk, a better world here, not a blood-boltered and highly Teutonic Valhalla.

♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

NOW that we have all paid our income tax, mostly borrowing money to do that same, let us get together for the League of Nations so that there'll be a chance to get what we are paying for—peace.

♦♦

Russia

NEVERTHELESS and notwithstanding Raymond Robins and Ambassador David R. Francis, and

maugre the atrocities of the Bolsheviks, the Russians should be left to work out their own salvation, even through conditions of damnation. It may be we should not recognize the Bolshevik government, but surely we should not fight it.

♦♦

St. Patrick's Day

NEXT Monday will be St. Patrick's day. God save Ireland! Surely He should, since what chiefly ails Ireland is disagreement over things of God—that is to say, religion. I don't hold that the Irish trouble is economic. The main evil is that there's not enough love and too much hate in the religion that prevails there. To be sure, there's an economic complex, but it is very much subordinate to the ancient religious strife. There can't be much love in a confiscated country for the confiscators. There can't be much love of unwilling subjects for their oppressors. The way to generate love is through freedom. Ireland deserves her freedom because she has fought and suffered for it. As the great war was fought for the freedom of the little nations as well as the great, Ireland should get her's. The Peace Conference should devise a way to bestow the boon, consistently with the freedom of that minority in Ireland which resists separation from the British empire. I have a "hunch" that something for Ireland will come out of the conference indirectly, that Lloyd George and his government are willing to go a long way for Ireland, short of her absolute independence. The voices from the United States upon the subject have had effect. And the new Center party in Ireland for compromise grows stronger. Wherein lies the clew—Ireland can and will save herself. God saves those who save themselves.

♦♦

Roman Catholicism's Social Warning

THOSE optimists who say there's no social discontent will please read the manifesto of the Roman Catholic bishops setting forth a programme of social reconstruction framed by the National Catholic War Council. With no necessarily invidious intent I may say that there's no better sign of discontent than this projection of the Roman Catholic influence into the social struggle. Hitherto it has held aloof. It has been one of the bulwarks of conservatism. But there is something like danger ahead when the church comes out with a definite socio-political programme, a condensation of which I lift from the *New York Nation*, as follows: "A national system of labor exchanges; the retention of the National War Labor Board; no lowering of the wages attained during the war, 'even when the cost of living recedes,' for, says the pamphlet, 'after all, a living wage is not necessarily a full measure of justice'; the legal minimum wage; recognition of the right of labor to organize for collective bargaining; adequate housing; the establishment of coöperative stores; vocational training; abolition of child labor; heavy taxation of incomes, excess profits, and inheritances; and prevention of monopolistic control of commodities. 'Full possibilities of increased production will not be realized so long as the majority of the workers remain mere wage-earners. The majority must somehow become owners, at least in part, of the instruments of production.' The capitalist, in the meantime, 'needs to learn the long forgotten truth that wealth is stewardship *** that the laborer is a human being, not merely an instrument of production; and that the laborer's right to a decent livelihood is the first moral charge upon industry.' *** This is the human and Christian, in contrast to the purely commercial and pagan, ethics of industry." This is something new under the Catholic label, at least in public politics, though possibly it is not new as a teaching of the church within its own fold. There are features of this pronunciamento that even an I. W. W. or a Bolshevik would applaud. Admission of the workers to ownership in industry goes on the same road as the British Labor Party takes. There is a tinge of socialism, even of syndicalism, to the

manifesto. Why is it put forth at this time? Because the Catholic church is very close to the people and knows what the people are thinking and feeling. The church is getting into the situation prepared to meet a heavy social shock. It is no longer going to leave to its "separated brethren" the task and the glory of doing something for the salvation of man in the here and now. The Catholic Bishops' Manifesto is the biggest sign I have seen that the social discontent is widespread and deep and ugly, and that something must be done to appease it other than indulgence in denunciation, police suppression, the censorship and deportation.

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ONE of the best proposals to facilitate and build up St. Louis business is that of Mr. Festus J. Wade, to establish a discount bank here. If the city is going in for foreign trade it will have to give long credits. The Legislature should promptly authorize the establishment of such a credit bank.

❖❖

Cause of the Crime Wave

ST. LOUIS is organizing a movement against the crime wave. The movement will have to go into politics. There is too much protection of criminals in this city. Too many politicians have influence with prosecuting attorneys and courts. The professional bondsman can get a crook out of the calaboose before a warrant is issued against him. Prosecuting witnesses are too easily worn out by continuances. If one complains of robbery or assault he is treated almost as the thief or assailant might be treated. Bondsmen are at police stations with bail for criminals before the crooks are brought in. There are too many political central committeemen practicing law in our minor criminal courts. The police blame the courts and the courts blame the police. Both should be cleaned out. There is too much political influence at work in both on behalf of the lawless and predatory classes. The way to stop the crime wave is to smash the political machine that has control of this town. There cannot be a crime wave like the one we have here without the connivance of politicians on the police force and in the minor courts.

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North Dakota Bolshevism

SPEAKING of Bolshevism, I would advise those who use the word loosely to look up the record of North Dakota legislation put through by the Farmers' Non-Partisan League. State conduct of banking, elevators, mining and dairying; a state bank to finance state conducted public utilities; the lignite field to be developed by the state; compulsory state insurance; state flour mills will be operated. All these things were proposed and adopted, not by crazy Russians, but by sane and gumption American farmers. The state is in control of all the most important business within its borders. Is the entire population of North Dakota to be deported for such proceedings?

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Come a-runnin'

"THE President may come home sooner than he hoped to," says a headline. He can't come too soon. There's work for him here in plenty. He should call an extra session of congress before he gets back. The money of those hung-up appropriations will help mightily in keeping industry going."

❖❖❖

Single Tax at the State U

By William Marion Reedy

A LARUMS and excursions! A college professor has written a book that justifies the theory and affirms the practicality of the single tax. And that professor occupies the chair of economics in the university of Missouri; his name, Harry Gunnison Brown. Knowing something of the hatred of Missouri's ruralities and of the ignorant politicians who pander to that hatred, I am waiting for the

howl that will go up against such teaching at the state university. Mr. Brown's book is entitled "The Theory of Earned and Unearned Incomes" (the Missouri Book Company, Columbia, Mo.). The volume is as interesting a book on economics as I have read in many years. It is a singularly well articulated, closely knit, logical performance, in which our old friend *Robinson Crusoe* does valiant service as a figure illustrating the primitive problems of economics. Daniel De Foe has been a godsend to economists in that he gave them a character upon whom or rather with whom they could demonstrate the principles of value. But this is merely by the way.

Mr. Brown is a root-man. He starts with the isolated man to whom no exchanges are possible, and therefore there is no value, but even in such a man's situation there are comparisons of utility in production. He may produce one thing rather than another, because it is of greater utility to him than the other in relation to the time and intensity of the labor necessary to produce it. And any one thing he produces has less utility according as he may possess many units thereof. If one kind of good has, because he possesses little of it, greater utility than another, and is yet no harder to produce, he will devote his attention to producing it, instead of the other thing, until the relative utilities are as the relative costs and sacrifices of its production. The utility of the thing desired may become less as more of it is possessed or because the labor of producing it becomes greater in proportion when more is wanted, and then there results an adjustment. This isolated man will leave unsatisfied his less important wants in that they do not warrant the sacrifice to fill them in proportion to the results obtained, as more hours per day are devoted to labor. Therein we have the beginning of the interplay of demand and supply. The law works out in the community. Desire's influence establishes demand and demand affects the profitableness of supplying the goods.

Next Mr. Brown considers the ultimate determinants of value in painstaking fashion. Supply of one good creates demand for other goods, and there cannot be an oversupply of all goods because an oversupply of some means a relative undersupply of others. Demand means that there is a willingness to sacrifice something in order to get it. The sacrifice may mean extra effort or giving up an alternative good of some kind. The demand is for so much of the good that another unit of it would be worth no more than the price paid in money, and therefore in labor or in other goods. Therefore high prices reduce the demand by discouraging its consumption or by setting those who would be purchasers to producing it. The cost of any good comes finally to be expressible as the amount of some other good or goods which the same labor applied to the land could produce.

In discussing the cause of interest, Mr. Brown emphasizes that the factors in production are land, labor and capital. Capital is resolvable into other factors, so that the ultimate factors become land, labor and waiting (or saving). The owner of the land receives rent, the owner of capital receives interest (the return on waiting or saving), the laborer receives wages. Capital is produced by labor applied to or on land, usually with the assistance of previously produced capital. The production of capital and its maintenance requires refraining from present consumption. There enters the element of waiting for later income in preference to present income. But people will not practice abstinence indefinitely and this in relation to capital productivity works to produce a rate of interest.

In his chapter on "Wages and Population," Mr. Brown says some things that may get him into trouble. If I do not misunderstand him, he looks with no wholly inimical eye upon what has been so vigorously denounced as birth-control. Incidentally he flashes forth that "permitting child labor makes

families large." Clearly I should say that Mr. Brown, after elaboration of pro and con, comes down heavy and hard on the pro side of birth control, his consideration of that question culminating on page 191. Thereafter he says: "Even if it were possible to get the most desirable proportion of the population in each kind of work and in each class or stratum of labor, this would not alone solve the population; population as a whole must be reasonably limited." This is sheer heresy to single taxers. They hold that there's enough of everything for everybody if only the earth were not so largely preempted and held out of use by the earlier arrivals. As for interest, from which we have more apparently than really wandered, Mr. Brown says that it is as surely earned as wages are earned, if the test is the giving of a *quid pro quo* by the recipient.

Considering the rent of land and its taxation, Mr. Brown proceeds along the line of argument followed by Henry George and Thomas G. Shearman. To be sure, he has many qualifications of the Georgian doctrine as he goes, but in the main he makes a case of relentless reasoning for considering land rent as unearned income. Of a familiar argument for the right of the land owner to pocket the economical increment, he makes wreck in the following: "Foresight used to give a service may earn remuneration. Foresight used to get something for nothing seems hardly deserving of any protection." Mr. Brown doesn't believe that society should pay tribute in unearned increment for all future time. Likewise this Missouri professor smashes the theory of vested rights in rents. He leaves little but shreds of the contention that there are unearned increments in other things than land. There may be points, not to be covered in a brief, skirmishing review, at which Mr. Brown is not single taxically orthodox, but he is not a very much limited single taxer, if at all. He says of those who would tax future unearned increment, why limit taxation to that? As for compensation for holders of decreasing land values, he wants to know why the speculator should be protected. The tax method is the logical one for the correction of the evil of unearned income in the form of land rent, says Mr. Brown, but it need not necessarily be a *single tax*. "A tax which would take the greater part of site rent might or might not provide sufficient revenue to meet the legitimate expenses of government. It would perhaps provide all the funds needed for local and state governments and possibly also for ordinary federal expenditures," but at least until the establishment of world peace, income and other federal taxes are needed. As for vested rights, compensation for declining value and all that, must purchasers of monopoly stocks be compensated for loss if monopolies are curbed, or beneficiaries of tariffs when protection is abolished? "If society is not bound to do these things, neither is it bound to go on through all future time, paying landowners for services which not they, but nature and society render. It may be desirable—as it is certainly altogether likely—that any great change should be made gradually, but that society, or the non-landowning part of society, because it has paid in the past for no service received, must either go on doing so forever, or must buy itself free with no expense or loss to landowners, is a doctrine which even those who favor it prefer not to state, and doubtless will not now state, in all its graveness."

And this from a professor in the university of Missouri! An argument for birth control is bad enough, but to think of a professor of our university holding that the land owner, as land owner, renders no service to society, and saying that it's right to take the greater part or even all of the economic rent of land—why, wait until the ruralites in the legislature hear about Harry Gunnison Brown's book, "The Theory of Earned and Unearned Incomes!" Egad, the legislature may abolish the university at this session.

Ireland Free

By Edmund Vance Cooke

I STEPPED across to Paris and I heard the song of peace; I heard the cheers for liberty from Greenland down to Greece. I heard the fiddles, fifes and drums, and then I listened sharp, And I says, says I, "Now, where's the sound of Tara's Irish harp? You ask for freedom of the land, and freedom of the sea; Give freedom, too, to Ireland—and that makes the whole world free!"

I stepped across to Ireland and I went to Dublin town And there I saw gossoons in green a-marching up and down. And then I went to Belfast, which was marching in reply, And there they wore the orange hue and so I says, says I: "When Irishman and Irishman have Irish eyes to see, To see that both are Irishmen, then Ireland will be free."

I went to California and I took one look around, And there I saw green orange trees a-growing in the ground! O, Dublin hue! and Belfast, too! why not choose this instead, And wear white orange-blossoms on the day that you are wed? I saw green fruit and orange fruit upon the self-same tree, And when they grow in Ireland so, then Ireland will be free!



Verses Various

By Orrick Johns

HERE is something unfortunate about the English ballad measure, that seven-legged sire of imitation. Young poets, old ones too, should eschew it. In the series called "At the Dunes," from the volume, "Gargoyles," by Howard Mumford Jones (Cornhill, Boston), despite much original phrasing, I cannot help but catch echoes. Sometimes it is of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol;" again it is of certain "Shropshire Lad" songs. This is really an injustice to Mr. Jones; he is in his own right an intriguing and original poet. What one might call the poems from the professor's angle are delicious, with a humor salty and sardonic. "Gargoyles," however—the last section of verses—represent the sturdiest portion of this poet's work. His mind grows interesting and he does not over-stress the grawsome. Really admirable and novel are such pieces as "Dialectics," "Fugue Solonelle," and "Grotesque."

Mr. Charles Wharton Stork, a year or so ago, placed poetry-loving folk under a vast obligation to him, by translating a small and exquisite selection of Gustav Froding's work. That suave and subtle Heine of the North was far too modern for his time. Mr. Stork has now published an English version of Hugo Von Hoffmansthal's "Lyrical Poems" (Yale University Press), something, it would seem, even more difficult to do well than the always human and understandable work of Froding. Von Hoffmansthal seems to occupy a position in modern letters as anachronistic as it is unique. If he is not, in the lyric role, positively mediaeval and mystic, he is at least of the latter-day dark ages in which flourished Maeterlinck's "Serres Chaudes" and Verlaine's "Fêtes Galantes." I suppose his closest living prototype in

French letters today is the elegant and *raffiné* De Regnier. The experiment of translation, in the case of such work, can only be informative; it can scarcely hope to render the quality of the original. The more poetry aspires to be simply art, the less it permits of translation. Von Hoffmansthal in English, after granting honors to the happy diction and careful interpretation of Mr. Stork, offers the reader a somewhat gray and monotonous landscape, without perhaps many of the cues to color and interest with which the original abounds. One becomes acquainted with a strange and aristocratic spirit, nevertheless.

Jean Starr Untermeyer's "Growing Pains" (Huebsch, New York), is a book as vigorous as it is winning. Mrs. Untermeyer writes with artlessness most accomplished. She has imagination and the power to convey it, with economy and simplicity of means. She poetizes some very plain and intimate qualities of life without a trace of rapture, or sentimentality or false emphasis. The modest title, in fact, is the only suggestion of insincerity in the book, and it a very slight one. It is not "growing" but grown insight that is here disclosed. Only a very sure hand could have managed such subjects as "The Bed" or "Possession" without ringing cracked bells. Mrs. Untermeyer may be, for some, about as good an Untermeyer in poetry as the Untermeyers have turned out.

Irene McLeod seems to express her moods as easily in verse as others do in silence. She perhaps tells too much, not that it is not all tellable, but one does not get the presence of self-criticism. It is a very bad habit modern poets, and especially modern poetesses, have, of publishing regularly every two years. In "Songs to Save a Soul" Miss McLeod struck an original note. She had something new to say and a more than ordinary gift for saying it. In her present book, "Before Dawn" (Huebsch, New York), one misses the directness and simplicity of the earlier one. The short sonnet sequence seems the most McLeodian of the new collection.

One would like to see what the editing of an Argonne veteran would make of the average type of war-book in poetry and prose which has been produced at home for home consumption. Of this type is Angela Morgan's "Forward March" (John Lane Co.). Its opening lines suggest the rest:

"Yes, I believe in armies,
Beautiful sunbright armies,
Rising out of the ruins of war,
So riseth the morning star."

This is a not too uncomfortable belief for anybody except those who, like Gilbert Frankau, have been there. Frankau's is the voice of common sense and uncommon courage, from the trenches. His book, "The Other Side" (Knopf, New York), is forthright verse, one of the few English books on the war worth keeping.

Another is "Fairies and Fusiliers," by Robert Graves (Knopf, New York). Graves is half soldier, half gnome. His verses have enjoyed a well-deserved word of praise from John Masefield. They reflect a personality of candor and fancy. Every other piece in the book is rememberable and readable for some gracious touch of earthy laughter or spirited wisdom. A rare little tome; and a fine addition to the "magic" school of Georgian poetry, which includes De la Mare and Hodgson.

But, alas! the kindly foreword of old John Burroughs to "Sonnets of the Strife" (Cornhill, Boston), cannot save Robert Loveman from the consequences of such a line as—

"Our age is one vast blotch of blood upon the page of time,

nor can Mr. Robert Nichols' highly edifying theories regarding the traditional grandeur of English poetry

and his own place in that tradition preserve the reader from a desire to forget his dull volume, "Ardours and Endurances" (Stokes, New York). A Noyesome bard!

"Crosses of War," Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews (Scribner's). Homely and exalted sentiments of a kind that you will like, if you like their kind.

James Weldon Johnson is a poet by nature, if not by faultless art. His distinction lies in the fact that he is a negro poet, possessing the sincerity to see his race with a judicial and critical vision that detracts not in the least from his conception of it as a colossally pathetic and romantic historical phenomenon. An aristocrat of color speaks in such poems as "Fifty Years," "A Black Mammy," and "Brothers." Mr. Brander Matthews, in the introduction, calls the first poem "one of the noblest commemorative poems yet written by any American." Well, it is superior, both in passion and simplicity, to Lowell's famous "Ode," in which that gentleman hung the "can" on "American." There are some dialect songs included in this book, "Fifty Years and Other Poems" (Cornhill, Boston), a few of which have been set to music and become public property. *Los Cigarillos* and others of the series called "Down by the Carib Sea," have an originality of rhythm and expression such as poets of other races may envy. The volume is in many ways interesting and vital.

"Songs of Manhattan," Morris Abel Beer, (Cornhill, Boston). Journalistic journeys in rhyme about and around the lofty island, and occasionally as far as the Bronx, containing all the wondrous, magic, glossy, shell-like adjectives in the poetical thesaurus, familiarly accompanied by their weather-beaten nouns. There are bits of better stuff, such as "Moses" and "To Dream Is Well."

Brookes More is a rapt sonneteer, of excellent technique in the handling of the traditional Petrarchan form. But he beats the philosophers for monotony, too seldom relieved by a burst of original feeling. Mr. More has been for some years translating Ovid, with Ovid's most interesting quality left out. The result is a pedantry that lessens the force of his workmanlike sonnets. His present book is "A Lover's Rosary," published by Cornhill, Boston.

Alter Brody's "Family Album" (Huebsch) does not justify the enthusiastic welcome given to it by Mr. Untermeyer in his introduction. It is excellent prose, good sensitive reporting; winning, even passionate reminiscence. But compare it as poetry with "The Ghetto," of Lola Ridge, who deals with the same material * * * of which, more anon.

Mr. Braithwaite's 1918 "Anthology of Magazine Verse" is as hospitably inclusive as usual. Judged by a certain standard, which Mr. Braithwaite has repeatedly and expressly defined as his own, there is no bad poetry in the book. On the other hand, there is not very much that is fresh or good. Two dandy pieces by Louis Untermeyer are therein—"Fantasy," one of the few lilt so named that lives up to the name, a Chopinesque inconsequence; and "A Wise Woman" * * * gentle satire unsurpassed.

It is a pity that Mary Carolyn Davies is so tempted to write just up to the minute. A mocking-bird in the market-place. The M. C. D. of her own tender, characteristic whimsicality would inevitably be found somewhere in a volume of Davies' verse. It does appear occasionally in "The Drums in Our Street" (Macmillan) yet one would like her instinct for interestingly broken rhythms to have freer play than in this volume, wholly written around the topic of the hour.

Then there's Margaret Widdemer, with "The Old Road to Paradise" (Henry Holt). Her verse is just damnably dear; it slips past the critical sentry and is off, disporting like a winsome youngster. Mr. Reedy, I resign—get some stony-hearted critic—get some bookish, unbenign,—hard-faced scoliast

mephitic—to micrometizing flowers—sure, I always did demur—and I'll not, by all the powers, criticize Miss Widdemer!

We come to "The Ghetto," by Lola Ridge, a book of the year, or of many years. Here is a sturdy, breathless, Euripedean, astounding, imaginative *talent*. A talent out of all proportion to its occasional lapses into propaganda. But read her title poem—it is like a great white arm of the people, a yearning, subtly muscled, myriad-nerved flame, thrust heaven-high against the midnight—touching stars, using them for torches. Here is humanity *voiced*, not the voice of mob-ideals or demagogic bosh, but the many-voiced, half-articulate heart of peoples yearning after the unattainable beauty. It is not bread, but beauty, that, enhungering, maddens men. And here is the mighty madness in a song that is well-nigh epic. A powerful and uncompromising woman writer is rare. In Lola Ridge we have her, surging against the very laws of poetry, yet poised and sure in artistry, sensitive and receptive of the innermost secrets of worth. (Huebsch, New York.)

♦♦♦

A Conspectus From the Moon

By Ernest Vulcanson

AT a meeting of the stockholders of The Firmament Investment Co. of Luna, Ltd., held 10th inst., for consideration of the proposal to extend the business of the company to the planet Earth, Prof. Allfax read the following report:

"After careful consideration I have concluded to confine my report to that part of the planet known as U. S. A. as offering the likeliest field for profitable investment. The remainder of the earth is largely dominated by peoples who are looking for foreign investment themselves, and others who, due to the narrow vision of their late governing classes, find their affairs in confusion. On the whole, it is fair to assume, from their history and what we know of their general point of view, that the people of the U. S. A. will continue to manage their business in an orderly manner and in conformity with the laws they themselves have made.

"I begin my survey with the foundation of all profitable—or for that matter, unprofitable—investments, the people; and follow with other facts which are relevant. In the printed report such figures as are estimated will be in italics:

POPULATION

1900	\$ 75,994,575
1910	92,174,515
1917	103,500,473

No. of Families

1900	16,200,000
1910	20,255,555
1917	23,500,000

No. of Persons per Family

1900	4.7
1910	4.5
1917	4.4

NATIONAL WEALTH

1904	\$107,104,000,000
1912	187,739,000,000
1917	250,000,000,000

Per Capita

1904	\$1,300
1912	1,965
1917	2,400

divided in value as follows: household equipment and consumable goods, (a); and land, buildings, machinery, tools, etc. (b).

(a)	(b)
1904	\$275
1912	425
1917	500

"These figures indicate a healthy growth; the increase in (b), except as it may be due to greater value of land, shows that the necessary additions to 'plant' are being made to meet the increasing demands of modern civilization. It is in order, however, to caution against complete acceptance of these figures; to some extent, at least, they are affected

by the changing value (in goods) of the dollar, and probably also by the accelerated activity, from year to year, of the tax assessor.

PERSONS IN GAINFUL OCCUPATIONS Percentage of Population

1900	38.2%
1910	41.4%
1917	4.66%

Number, by Sex	
Male	Female
1900 23,753,836	5,319,397
1910 30,091,564	8,075,772
1917 37,081,274	11,201,635

"The 1917 figures are based on the estimate for the selective draft, using 76.8% of total as males. The percentages of males for the other two years are 81.7% and 78.8% respectively.

"In this table the females occupied as homekeepers are not included. If we add to the number of female wage earners those so occupied (assuming one to each family), the comparison would be:

	Males	Females
1900	23,753,836	21,519,397
1910	30,091,564	28,331,327
1917	37,081,274	34,701,635

"It is clearly apparent from the foregoing that we are dealing with a highly industrious people—the number of drones must be insignificant. For the purpose of determining the willingness to work, it is not material to consider whether any of the workers are engaged in production of so-called luxuries—and indeed this is a difficult distinction to make, because the line between necessities and luxuries is ever moving, and, generally speaking, always in the direction of increasing the items includable in the first.

"There seems to be an impression that the higher money wage paid during recent years resulted in decreased productivity per wage earner, but based on reports of U. S. Steel Corporation and the railroads, two representative industries whose product can be reduced to a unit basis, at least for comparative purposes, this impression appears to be erroneous. In the following, the figure for the Steel corporation is tons of finished steel per wage earner; for the railroads, ton-miles per wage earner.

	Steel Corporation (Tons)	Railroads (Ton-Miles)
1909	50.43	20,400
1910	49.14	20700
1911	48.13	20800
1912	56.58	21200
1913	50.41	22400
1914	50.26	23100
1915	61.54	26800
1916	61.18	26600
1917	55.75	30400
1918	Not published	29700

"These figures are very interesting, but must be accepted with some reserve, particularly those concerning railroads; the lessening of maintenance work, for instance, would be reflected in an increased production per wage earner, and, in the comparison, make a better showing for the period when such work was reduced or neglected.

COMMODITY PRICE INDEX

	Dun's	January	July	Average
1907	107	114	112	
1908	113	108	110	
1909	112	119	118	
1910	123	119	119	
1911	115	118	117	
1912	123	122	124	
1913	121	116	121	
1914	125	120	122	
1915	124	125	126	
1916	138	145	149	
1917	170	212	204	
1918	222	233	229	

"It should be noted that the unit of value—the dollar—is not a fixed measure, but varies from year to year in the quantity of goods it will purchase. This is very important, because, if the variation is not allowed for, comparisons between periods will be misleading, and the deductions erroneous. The importance of accuracy in the compilation of the

index is therefore very great; and I have made an effort to check the figures by comparing them with the average earnings of the employes of the United States Steel Corporation. It is evident that, as the index reflects the cost of living, wages must be adjusted to meet its variations, and this appears to be practically what happens in a well regulated industry, as these figures show:

Index	Average Earnings	Amt. Required to Equal Purchasing Value 1902-8 Average Earnings
1902 to 1908	104	\$ 724
1909	118	776
1910	119	801
1911	117	820
1912	124	857
1913	121	905
1914	122	905
1915	126	925
1916	149	1,042
1917	204	1,296

"A similar comparison for the railroads is as follows:

Index	Actual Average Earnings	Amt. Required to Equal Purchasing Value of 1908 Earnings
1908	110	\$ 721
1909	118	773
1910	119	780
1911	117	767
1912	124	813
1913	121	793
1914	122	800
1915	126	825
1916	149	977
1917	204	1,337
1918	229	1,500

"As will be noted, delayed adjustments compelled a comparatively violent change. It seems to be true, in a general way, that, over a term of years, the sum of the adjustments must equal the sum of the increases indicated by the index. If this could be definitely determined, and accepted as a law, it would of course be of great benefit, but I am not sure that all the data necessary to arrive at a decision are available.

"It does seem certain, however, that there is some relation between the index and the number of workers per family; an increase in the index is like a flood which, with each additional inch, submerges higher ground; that is, to maintain itself, the family must have more income, and this is secured by sending the girls to work instead of keeping them at home 'helping mother' and starting the boys wage earning at an earlier age. The statistics as to this are:

PERSONS IN GAINFUL OCCUPATIONS (Excluding Homekeepers) Per 1000 Families

	Male	Female	Total
1900	1466	328	1794
1910	1485	398	1883
1917	1578	476	2054

"It is not only the wage earner who feels the pinch of higher prices; in such industries as may offset higher costs by increased selling price to consumers the matter is comparatively simple, but where the price is fixed by law the difficulty is serious. For example, the railroads have been compelled to deal with the situation reflected in the following:

Index	Earnings Per Ton-mile (Cents)	Amt. Required to Equal Purchasing Value 1908 Basis (Cents)
1908	110	.799
1909	118	.808
1910	119	.799
1911	117	.807
1912	124	.800
1913	121	.791
1914	122	.792
1915	126	

REEDY'S MIRROR

poorer than for 1918, the results of which were approximately \$200,000,000 deficit.

"In this connection the members of the upper house of congress, if without other means of support, must have also felt the pinch of higher prices, as indicated:

	<i>Amt. Required to Equal Purchasing Value</i>	
<i>Index</i>	<i>Salary</i>	<i>1914 Salary</i>
1914.....	122	\$7,500
1915.....	126	7,500
1916.....	149	7,500
1917.....	204	7,500
1918.....	229	7,500
		14,078

"An indirect confirmation of the index is the resignation in 1918 of two members of the cabinet because of insufficient salary.

EDUCATION

	<i>Population</i>	<i>Average</i>
	<i>School Age</i>	<i>Daily Attendance</i>
1910.....	24,360,888	12,827,307
1911.....	24,745,562	12,871,980
1912.....	25,167,445	13,302,303
1913.....	25,587,331	13,613,656
1914.....	26,002,153	14,216,459
1915.....	26,425,100	14,964,886
1916.....	26,846,976	15,358,927

	<i>Cost Per Scholar and Wages Paid Teachers</i>	
	<i>Cost</i>	<i>Wages</i>
1910.....	\$33	\$485
1911.....	35	500
1912.....	36	521
1913.....	38	539
1914.....	39	557
1915.....	40	570
1916.....	42	587

"The percentage of illiteracy according to the 1910 census was 8.4%; but the examinations in connection with the draft showed 24.9%. No explanation of the difference is available.

"In general it may be stated that, while education is thoroughly believed in, the educational machinery does not function as effectively as it should. The average daily attendance is too low; and the wages paid teachers are not attractive. The statement of average wages for 1917 and 1918 is not at hand; apparently, however, from the amount of increases now proposed (40% to 50%), the public authorities did not advance wages in proportion to the increased cost of living during those years and the suggestion as to the possible existence of a law of deferred payment of wages referred to in connection with railroad wage earners is repeated.

AGRICULTURE

	<i>Value of Farms (in millions)</i>	<i>1900</i>	<i>1910</i>
Land	\$13,058	\$28,476	
Buildings	3,557	6,325	
Implements	750	1,265	
Animals	3,075	4,925	
		\$20,440	\$40,991
	<i>Average, per Farm</i>		
Land	\$ 2,276	\$ 4,476	
Buildings	620	994	
Implements	131	199	
Animals	536	774	
		\$ 3,563	\$ 6,443
Average acreage	146.2	138.1	
Total number of farms.....	5,737,372	6,361,502	

Population 10 Years and Older Engaged in Agriculture as a Gainful Occupation (based on 1910 Census and 1917 Estimate for First Selective Draft).

1910.....	12,500,000
1911.....	13,300,000
1912.....	14,100,000
1913.....	15,000,000
1914.....	15,900,000
1915.....	16,900,000
1916.....	17,900,000
1917.....	19,000,000

Value of Farm Products

1910.....	\$ 9,037,391,000
1911.....	8,819,175,000
1912.....	9,342,790,000
1913.....	9,849,513,000
1914.....	9,894,961,000
1915.....	10,774,491,000
1916.....	13,406,364,000
1917.....	19,443,849,000

Value of Farm Products per Person Engaged in Agriculture as Gainful Occupation.

1910.....	\$ 722
1911.....	663
1912.....	663
1913.....	657
1914.....	623
1915.....	632
1916.....	750
1917.....	1,023

"This data must be accepted with reserve; it may be that all values created by those engaged in agriculture are not included in the value of farm products. This observation is made because on the showing in comparison with other occupations, the wages are low, particularly when from the value of the products must be taken all costs, except labor, but including interest on investment. It should be noted that in this table, as well as all others, the amounts are average—a considerable percentage of the total number receive less.

OWNERSHIP OF HOMES—1910.

Free of debt.....	5,984,284 = 30%
Mortgaged	2,931,695 + 14%
Rented	10,697,895 = 53%
Status not known.....	641,681 = 3%

"The probabilities are that the next census will show an increase in the percentage of rented homes, because industry is not so tied to its workers as it used to be, and corporate capital flows freely, without sentiment as to locality. It must not be overlooked that a machine is as intelligent and generally as productive in one place as another, and machines are designed to be operated by labor very slightly skilled. Under old conditions manufacture located near the skilled operatives and remained there, and buying a home was not so much of a risk as now. The modern treatment of the laborer seems to be based on the theory that he is like a freight car, to be moved about according to the demands of trade. It seems more reasonable to think of him as a tree, to be moved, if at all, before middle age, and then to some permanent place. The gypsy is a variant; the normal man aspires to the honors due the 'old and well-known citizen.'

DISTRIBUTION OF PERSONS ENGAGED IN GAINFUL OCCUPATIONS—1917.

Class A—Agriculture and business of similar character.....	19,000,000
Class B—Extension of facilities for housing, manufacturing and transportation in which capital must be vested for a term of years.....	8,000,000
Class C—Manufacturing and handling goods for current consumption; professional, governmental and personal services; for themselves and the other two classes.....	21,000,000
	48,000,000

"It is to be regretted that the data on which the above estimate is based are not complete, but it is evident from the increase in national wealth from period to period, that a considerable portion of the wage earners must be engaged in class B work—that is, work resulting in the production of things commonly called 'permanent,' which must be paid for, through investment, during the years of the productive life of the thing—building, railroad, or machine, as it may be.

PRESENT CONDITIONS

"A study of the index reflects clearly the fact that although for a number of years prior to 1916 there was an appreciable rise in prices, the abnormal increase beginning with that year can only be ascribed to the war, and, insofar as the wage earner was concerned, was equalized to a greater or less extent by increased wages. It is a matter of common knowledge that the wage earner, during the war period, for patriotic reasons, used less fuel, food and clothing than usual; and therefore, simply for living expenses, did not require the full increase indicated by the index. It should be noted, however, that the same patriotic reasons compelled him greatly to increase his outlay for an unusual purpose—the purchase of Liberty bonds and Thrift stamps. These purchases were of great magnitude in total; they were paid for from wages, and the

wages were absorbed in the cost of the things produced. As long as these things were used for war purposes the additional cost was not important; in fact, from the wage earner's standpoint, the high wages were desirable, although they added very little to his present comfort or well being, except to gratify his intense desire to 'do his bit,' both in purchasing government securities and contributing liberally—as he did—to war charities. The important fact to be considered is that all his purchases and gifts came from his pay envelope. To a considerable extent his subscriptions to bonds were based on expected income, and payments were not completed at the end of the war; if he is to complete these, or subscribe for later issues, he must find the wherewithal in his envelope on pay day.

"It is necessary to explain this fully, because without a clear perception of it, the present situation will not be understood.

"This situation, in brief, is due to the unwillingness of the investors to attempt to carry the burden of war cost in their investments, when such additional cost gives them no advantage over their competitors who invested in similar enterprises before the war, or will do so when prices return to what the investor now visualizes as normal—an ever-receding figure in a falling market, as the present one is. The reasoning of the investor is sound, because, in effect, the government is asking him to advance the funds for taxes and take his chances on reimbursing himself by collecting from the consumer without the power to enforce payment. The investor, whether he happens to be a farmer who objects to a 100% increase in the price of a mowing machine, or the executive of an insurance company who, as trustee for thousands of men and women, contemplates the erection of a building, the normal cost of which would be \$5,000,000, and at present \$10,000,000, is very much like the rest of us and knows that no one pays taxes unless compelled to do so; and so investment in work of a permanent character is being largely deferred.

"It is not possible to imagine a capable people permitting its affairs to continue so for any long period, and under normal conditions the delay would be possible without probability of serious results. These are not normal times, however; under present conditions it is imperative for public well-being that the problem be solved immediately. One possibility for quick action is present: the upbuilding and extension of the railroads. It is perfectly evident that, through its control of freight rates, the government can give to the railroads the power to enforce payment of advances for taxes which it cannot extend to the investor in ordinary competitive business. And the work of extending and upbuilding the railroads may give the necessary fillip to general business to change the point of view of the investor. It must not be overlooked that at no time in the history of the country has there been as much capital pressing for investment as now; the pressure, for the present, is, of course, relieved by investment in government securities.

"In reference to the general situation as to employment, it must be confessed that the information concerning this is somewhat confusing. There is no current official report of actual conditions, although it does seem possible, with the machinery of government, to collect the data to prepare current reports which would be as clearly understandable by everyone, and as unquestioned, as the weather reports. In any event, it may be safely asserted that whatever business troubles the country now suffers from are due to the desire of all those in authority to prevent the burden of war costs from falling on the backs of the consumers—a very difficult operation. One way, of course, is by exports, which, indeed, would not prevent this, but would shift the burden to consumers in other nations.

RECOMMENDATION

"It is not possible, in the limits of this report, to cover all facts bearing on the matter, but I am satisfied, from all my investigations, that the owner-

ship of farm lands, with the rent payable in kind, offers the most profitable form of investment. The value of the products of the soil is bound to increase with population, and if the company, as it should, will properly equip the farms with machinery, select its tenants with care, and give them the benefit of expert assistance, both the tenants and the company should earn very satisfactory profits. I say this, notwithstanding the apparently poor showing made by the farming industry; the showing, insofar as the owners of the farms are concerned, neglects the increase in values. In 1900 the average value per acre of land in farms was \$15.57; in 1910, \$32.40. In this connection the suggestion as to a possible law of deferred wages is again repeated; it would seem, in the case of the farmer, that the amount of the underpayments are added to the value of the land.

"In conclusion, I wish to state that my report is largely based on the '*Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1917*', and it seems but proper to express to the anonymous compiler of that stupendous work my grateful acknowledgments. I miss from it the pious colophon—*A. M. D. G.*—with which the Irish statistician, Mulhall, sealed his immense and painstaking labor, '*Wealth of Nations*', but also I note the omission of the 'safety first' warning of the accountant—*E. & O. E.*—the abbreviation of a phrase which probably originated at a time when the life of the accountant was held forfeit for an inaccurate statement. That law, if it ever was, is not now enforced; a mercy the compiler of the '*Abstract*' should be grateful for, because on page 676 he errs in stating that on April 6, 1917, the United States declared war on Rumania, and omits the fact that on the same day it declared war on Germany:

"All of which, with customary cautions as to errors and omissions, is respectfully submitted."

On motion, the report was accepted, and the chairman authorized to make such investments in that part of the planet Earth known as U. S. A. as in his judgment would be desirable.

The meeting then adjourned.

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Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

X.—CHIVALRY AND SIN, CHEMICALLY CONSIDERED

THIS, it has been observed, is a painful world. Anyone who wishes to test the observation, may confirm it. Or a collection of authorities on the subject may be made without much trouble or expense.

I do not remember how many books I have read on pain as either a curse or a benefit. Several scores of them profess to explain it. I prefer avoiding it to learning more of it than I know already.

I have in fact ceased to be chivalric. I have no wish to be knightly, or to be so considered. Amadis de Gaul is not my model, nor is Sir Launcelot, nor Sir Galahad, whom of all knights I find least objectionable.

As knights, all of them, including those Tennyson and Sir Walter Scott approve as most chivalric, resemble each other so closely when armed *cap-a-pie* that we cannot tell one from the other except by the devices on their shields. They were all alike in trying to take a mean, unsportsmanlike, despicable advantage. They wished to get away from human limitations and hurt without being hurt.

When armed *cap-a-pie*, they were all ironclad. Their armor weighed so much that they could hardly walk in it. So all knights had chargers. Once on horseback, a hundred ironclad knights, engaged in charging with their lances in rest and their plumes waving, seemed to have liberated themselves

from everything except poetry and romance. That is the way Tennyson and Scott expect us to think of them,—as simply glorious. But they were still subject to sciatica, acute gastritis and neuritis. Although he did not know it, Amadis de Gaul himself had an *appendix vermiformis* whose operations belong to the unwritten sequel of his chivalric career. And so did all the rest.

Inside those iron shells, they all had nerves and stomachs. They had brains also, but they were using their brains in the attempt to hurt their enemies without being hurt themselves. If they had succeeded, life might have been very different in the painful world they knew. Their armor was certainly a remarkable invention. Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad charging with spears in rest and vizors down, represent the greatest invention of the age of chivalry. The iron with which they are covered means that they hope to escape pain while inflicting enough of it to control others. They were Terrorists.

The invention failed. After the iron had been made thicker and thicker, the ironclad man was no longer able to rise from the ground when his horse was stabbed under him. Common peasants, against whom he charged, cut him out of his iron shell with their axes, and before the age of chivalry ended, no knight, who wished to hurt anyone else, could feel at all sure that he might not be too badly hurt himself to do as much damage or to strike as much terror as he hoped.

In the time of Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad, we had not been analyzed. It was not known that as far as we are visible, we consist chiefly of carbonic acid gas in a state of more or less imperfect condensation. It was not known to Amadis de Gaul or to Don Quixote that he depended on a stomach and a nervous system to hold a certain amount of condensed gas in an organic condition. But regardless of what we know or refuse to learn of our limitations, they operate. And that, I suppose, is what makes this a painful world,—never less painful at any crisis than it ought to be.

Since Tubal Cain ben Lamech became "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," we have carried invention far, but we have never found means yet of escaping from our own stomachs and nervous systems.

We may use a nervous system, with the brain as its focus, to learn to help with or to learn to hurt with. And it appears from the first few sentences of the history of invention, that it hurts to be hurtful. Note the remarks of Lamech, father of Tubal Cain, to his wives, Adah and Zillah. It appears that after having made his first experiment in using his family inventions to hurt others with less advantages, he was undergoing remorse. Perhaps no one who ever lived, can undergo remorse, indignation, rage, hate, malice or similar symptoms, without the participation of the stomach in the process. Conscience alone might have too little effect on condensed carbonic acid gas to amount to a real limitation. But when the stomach takes charge of the process, when acute gastritis and prolonged insomnia supervene, then the "condemned sinner", who feels that his last hope is a five thousand dollar surgical operation for the removal of his appendix, may become more careful of his limitations,—if he survives.

Whether I consider myself as a condemned sinner, or as a condensed gas, organically dependent on the stomach, I am becoming more and more painfully aware of my limitations. I am already a year or so behind on sleep. It is enough. I would not lose another night's sleep if by doing so I could invent a method of having my own way with the world, and also of punishing all my enemies as they deserve. If I did, sin or something else operating chemically on my condensed carbonic acid gas, would only make me more acutely conscious of my limitations than ever. If I were invulnerable, heel and all, I would not wish to be an Achilles. If I had the sword, Balmung, with

no leaf-print between the shoulder-blades, I would not be Siegfried. If I were Galahad, with all the advantages of Achilles and Siegfried, combined with the pureness of heart which enables Galahads to carve the ranks of men, I would still prefer my present limitations.

For me and for all others who are liable to "cruel indignation" in a sinful world, it ought to be and it always will be a painful world. We ought never to be left at large, among other condemned sinners, with the limit off. We never will be. If we could really acquire the "iron nerve" we may credit ourselves with, it would make no difference, except to make the world more and more painful, as we discover that we have less and less stomach for it. If we throw off all other control and refuse any other limitation, that of the stomach remains. We will surely learn at last what it means to be a condensed gas, organized and controlled by a stomach, which, when everything else fails, is most successful, even through its own failures, in educating us in the meaning of our own realities.

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Oh You Sabbatarians!

By Edgar Lee Masters

O H you sabbatarians, methodists and puritans;
You bigots, devotees and ranters;
You formalists, pietists and fanatics,
Teetotalers and hydropaths,
You thin ascetics, androgynous souls,
Chaste and epicene spirits,
Eyes blind to color, ears deaf to sound,
Fingers insensitive,
Do what you will,
Make what laws you choose—
Yet there are high spaces of rapture
Which you can never touch,
They are beyond you and hidden from you.

We leave you to the dull assemblies,
Charades, cantatas and lectures;
The civic meetings where you lie and act
And work up business;
The teas of forced conversation,
And receptions of how-de-dos,
And stereotyped smiles;
The church sociables;
And the calls your young men of clammy hands
And fetid breath
Pay to anaemic virgins—
These are yours;
Take them—
But I tell you
In places you know not of,
We, the free spirits, the livers,
Guests at the wedding feast of life,
Drinkers of the wine made by Jesus,
Worshippers of fire and of God,
Who made the grape,
And filled the veins of his legitimate children
With etherial flame—
We the lovers of life in unknown places
Shall taste of ancient wine,
And put flowers in golden vases,
And open precious books of song
And look upon dreaming Buddhas,
And marble masks of genius.
We shall hear the sound of stringed instruments,
Voicing the dreams of great spirits.
We shall know the rapture of kisses
And long embraces,
And the sting of folly.
We shall entwine our arms in voluptuous sleep,
And in the misery of your denials
And your cowardice and your fears
You shall not even dream that we exist.

Unintelligible weeds! We, the blossoms of life's garden
Flourish on the hills of variable winds —
We perish, but you never live.

REEDY'S MIRROR

American Opinion

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

Milwaukee, Wis., March 9, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

THE ISSUE FAIRLY STATED: In your courteous editorial comment upon these Opinions, last week, you stated fairly and clearly the issue between those who advocate and those who oppose the British-Wilsonian League of Nations scheme when you said:

"Mr. Putnam's general proposition is die Vereinigte Staaten über Alles (The United States over all), and if, as I believe, that doctrine is error, the error is ineffective so long as truth is left free to combat it."

I am for America first, the rest of the world second; you and other advocates of the British-Wilsonian League scheme are for the rest of the world first, for America second.

On that issue we shall go to the American people for a verdict.

Under the powerful emotional compulsion of the President's pleading for endorsement of the League before its nature was known—upon the most winning appeal that its purpose is solely to end wars—a popular referendum might have shown an American majority in its favor. I say *might* because today in the United States a citizen who dissents from the Caesarean policies of our one-man Government at Washington risks twenty years in prison if he dares express his dissent in print or within the hearing of any of the army of more than 200,000 secret service spies that has come into being in this country during the past two years, to gag public opinion at the public's expense. During those first days we heard only from the Wilson sycophants, the British bootlickers and the dear unworldly idealists among us. Press and public were afraid to say what they wished to say. A few of us broke that spell. I am proud to have been one of them—and prouder of my old friend Reedy, that despite his predilections based upon a world-embracing altruism he was still sufficiently an American to permit me to express my dissent in the columns of REEDY'S MIRROR.

The infamous gag law enacted by the convict-labor-driving Bourbon administration at Washington at the behest of a President who undoubtedly foresaw that he could best accomplish some of his ultimate purposes if the American people were made afraid to discuss them or express dissent from them, is a dead letter. It will presently expire of limitation. The attempt of its sponsors to jam through a similar law for peace after war failed in the final hours of the 65th Congress. No such law will ever hereafter be enacted in this country. We have been put on warning against its evil consequences, and shall hereafter be always on guard against it. A few Federal judges like the cheap mountebank Landis of Chicago, whose brother is the Washington lobbyist for the powder trust, will still from time to time conduct vilely partisan "trials" of citizens accused in essence of disloyalty to our one-man Government, and will impose brutally un-American prison sentences upon them. But be sure that every citizen so conspired against by public servants for the "crime" of exercising his constitutional rights and performing his patriotic duty, will presently be turned out of prison by an administration elected by the American people to do that act of simple justice. The Republican majority of the United States Senate, together with the real Americans among the Democratic senators from the Northern States, have written "finis" to the black history of terrorism enacted under the Texas convict labor gag laws, administered by the Burleson-Gregory-House gang of slave-drivers, labor-haters, shoddy aristocrats, absentee landlords and four-flushing prohibition hypocrites from Austin, Texas.

The American majority of the American Senate has made American citizens free once more to give orders to, instead of taking orders from, their public servants.

Today the British-Wilsonian League of Nations scheme hasn't a ghost of a chance of obtaining approval by a majority of American voters in a national referendum. Its backers know that. They will never consent to the holding of a referendum. Their only hope of delivering the United States bound and gagged into the hands of the British oligarchy which by the President's own admission drafted the League of Nations scheme brought by him to us for adoption is the faint hope that they may bully a two-thirds' majority of the American Senate into accepting it. They will exert every ounce of compulsion at their command, through British-controlled American newspapers and British-controlled American banks, but they will fail, if I know my America. Mark you this, Sir, an issue of sheer Americanism that ploughs deeply enough to bring Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania and Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, George Harvey of New York and Eugene V. Debs of Indiana shoulder to shoulder in defense of America's menaced liberty, is an issue which can have but one conclusion. The British-Wilsonian League of Nations scheme which the President insists is sacred against change, and which you, Sir, tell us must be accepted because it is the best we can get, is deadlier than a last year's mackerel.

Some scheme of international concert to minimize wars we may adopt. I personally oppose any and all schemes for linking the United States of America in alliance with any or all European nations. I believe Europe can and should organize a United States of Europe, as I believe the peoples of Asia should organize a United States of Asia, and as I believe the republics of the two Americas, including the Dominion of Canada, when all are ready for

it, should organize for mutual helpfulness but reserving absolute sovereignty each within its own limits, the United States of North and South America. The three grand continental groups might go as far as they liked in substituting equitable arbitration for the shock of arms in composing their occasional differences.

WHAT THE BRITISH-WILSONIAN LEAGUE MEANS TO US: Here, stripped of pious platitude and criminal camouflage, is exactly what the League of Nations constitution brought us by President Wilson offers us:

1—The United States shall become one of nine votes in the Supreme Council of the League. The members of this Supreme Council shall NOT be chosen by the peoples of the member nations, but shall be appointed by the Governments of the member nations.

2—The United States shall accept membership in perpetuity in this League: no means is provided for withdrawing from it except with the unanimous consent of all other member nations.

3—This League's Supreme Council, acting for the British, Italian, Japanese and other monarchical governments which will unquestionably always control it, will set up a world autocracy, supported by a conscript world army.

4—This League's Supreme Council will pool the war debts, war losses and war pensions of all the member nations, and will apportion them for payment by the peoples of the member nations, with regard primarily to the ability of the several peoples within the League to make payment. As the United States is best able to pay, the United States will be expected and required to pay the lion's share of these gigantic bills. Make no mistake about it: this is the real reason for Europe's passionate desire that the United States shall enter its League of Nations. We have been forewarned by our ablest American correspondents—Mark Sullivan of Collier's in particular—that this is the European scheme. It is inherent and enforceable in the scheme. It is, I venture to state, the exact "supreme sacrifice" which President Wilson on several recent occasions has warned us that we must be prepared to make.

It is too high a price to pay for the gratification of the President's extraordinary vanity. Had he consulted the American people, we should have saved his face by warning him against pledging us—without warrant of fact or law—to any such preposterous engagements. He chose not to consult us. He chose to move like an absolute monarch whose subjects were safely gagged and terrorized into silence. Into the pit that he has dug for this people he will fall, and we shall bury him, at the next general election, so deep that no future president will ever dare forget the constitutional limitations placed by a free people upon his official authority.

5—This League's Supreme Council will determine the size and composition of the army and navy which each member nation shall maintain. The British authors of the League scheme sent over to us have already assured Great Britain of continued mastery of the seas, and Britain's colonies of actual perpetual control of Germany's colonial possessions taken man-fashion by force of arms. It is already made apparent that the United States is to be required by this Supreme Council to maintain a standing army of 500,000 professional soldiers. Secretary Baker in this morning's papers "regrets" his "necessity" to hold 200,000 young Americans conscripted for the European war in the regular army establishment until they can be replaced by volunteer enlistments. The British Government announces its purpose to maintain a standing army of 900,000 conscripts, for the purposes of the League of Nations. Does this foreshadow peace? Is any man or woman facing these facts so blind as to believe the League's real purpose is to maintain peace by any other means than armed force: a peace of suppression and exploitation of the peoples everywhere around the world?

6—This League's Supreme Council, controlled inevitably from the seat of government of the British Empire at London, will "appoint" each of the militarily and financially stronger member nations a "mandatory" to govern and "protect" the exploitable smaller, backward peoples. It is already proposed, with no word of dissent from the one-man American Government at Washington, that this country's first "mandatory" shall be Armenia. That "appointment" if made cannot be declined without incurring the active displeasure of the other member nations of the League, nor without virtual secession from the League. It is unthinkable, if the American people by majority vote authorize their government to enter the League as proposed, that we should ever repudiate our obligations so assumed. It is well, therefore, that we scrutinize most carefully, and weigh most thoroughly, the obligations so to be assumed. And despite the evident purpose of the Wilsonian gag law to prevent it, we are going to discuss this matter fully and freely, weigh it carefully and impose our will upon our servants with regard to it.

7—Our first "mandatory" to "protect" Armenia would require us to send and for many years maintain an army of American boys in that distant, God-forsaken region inhabited for thousands of years by constantly warring, semi-civilized elements bitterly alien to each other. A conscript army as a matter of course—for what American boy with a lack of sense or ambition would volunteer to throw his life away in such a futile and senseless service? Your son? My sons? By God Almighty, no! Our place is here in America, completing the superstructure of human liberty upon the foundations laid by our forefathers.

The London oligarchy wants this country to assume with it the "white man's burden"—to rule and exploit the "lesser

breeds without the law." We shall decline the invitation without thanks. And if we can get control of our government at Washington back into our own hands, we shall root out and deport the American Republic's most insidious and most dangerous enemies—the paid agents—political, financial, ecclesiastical, journalistic, and otherwise—of the British propaganda—the most powerful alien propaganda ever launched against this country's intelligence and its peace and security.

TEMPTING IMPEACHMENT: Arthur Brisbane, America's best reporter, writes the following:

"The President told the great crowd (at the New York meeting just before he sailed), that opposition to the league by senators would prove futile; that he would bring back a peace treaty and a peace covenant or league so closely interwoven that it would be impossible to separate one from the other. He would leave to the senators the responsibility of refusing to make the peace that the country wants."

If a city or state political boss proposed a trick like that to make the people take something they didn't want in order to get something else they regarded as indispensable, he would be denounced, and properly so, as an enemy of the people. If President Wilson made that statement, he is an enemy of the people whose pay he begged for and whose services he swore faithfully to perform. This is but one of many proofs of his amazing contempt of American public opinion, his extraordinary egomaniac. In this instance he goes too far beyond the bounds of public patience: he tempts impeachment and removal from the presidency. While actual war was on, one-man government was tolerable: now that war is ended, continuance of an autocracy is impossible. When he told the members of the Democratic National Committee, his guests at dinner, that he "loathed the pygmy minds" of those who oppose his British League of Nations, and that he would like to hang them, he gave distressing evidence of a mental condition that clearly calls for restraint by that portion of the American Government which has not deserted its post of duty at Washington.

His reckless refusal to call Congress in special session during his absence, when domestic problems of the gravest character demand instant governmental attention, is a challenge that should be accepted without a day's delay. The Vice President should be sworn in as acting President, and should immediately summon the new Congress which the American people last November elected as a means of repudiating Wilsonism and restoring Americanism at the Federal capital.

The new Senate being in session should by resolution notify the Paris peace conference that the United States will not accept the British-Wilsonian League of Nations scheme, whether it be submitted separately or interwoven with the terms of a treaty of peace; that if submitted, it should be submitted separately and apart from the peace treaty, so that it may be rejected and the peace treaty accepted; that whatever League of Nations scheme shall be submitted must be submitted upon the understanding that it cannot be accepted by the United States until a majority of the American voters in a national referendum shall have endorsed it.

Will William Marion Reedy, William Jennings Bryan and all of the other distinguished advocates of the referendum principle dare deny the American people's right to have a referendum upon this proposition to subvert the American Constitution and subordinate American sovereignty to an International Empire ruled from London?

WHAT THE WHOLE WORLD WANTS: We all want peace. We want an end of the orgy of bloodshed, of billion-dollar graft, of idiot controversy over Utopian schemes to control the distant future. We want a basis upon which the armies can be disbanded and their men get back to their homes and to work. For four months past, President Wilson has been the chief obstacle to the making of a speedy peace. He must stand out of the way and let the world have peace before industrial hell breaks loose on both sides of the Atlantic—and if he does not, then the American Government must pick him up and put him out of the way.

FRANK PUTNAM.

The Way of the World

(After Gustav Froding in the Swedish)

By Carl Sandburg

T HE sea roars, the storm whistles,
Waves roll ashen gray;
"Man overboard, captain!"

Is that so?

"You can save his life yet, captain!"
The sea roars, the storm whistles.

"Throw a rope to him, you can reach him!"

Is that so?

Waves roll ashen gray.

"He's gone down, you can't see him any more,
captain!"

Is that so?

The sea roars, the storm whistles.

NEW FROCKS

in the Costume Salon

Beautiful, exclusive style Frocks in soft, clinging Georgette are arriving daily in this attractive shop. Loose, flowing sleeves, softly draped girdles, elaborate beaded designs—sometimes combined with heavy embroidery—and contrasting touches of color are a few of the attractions featured.

Taffetas are here in the latest modes. A straight line model shows plaiting around the round neck and at the bottom of the narrow skirt. A narrow belt—looped on the side—and a small vestee effect of color complete this charming frock.

Taffeta and Georgette have been beautifully combined in many cases—while the Printed Georgettes in their simplicity of design are rarely beautiful.

Lovely Dinner Gowns

A peach-color Georgette with an allcovering silver thread embroidered design is very unusual. Silver ribbon adds the finishing touch.

An exquisite frock, showing the rose and blue combination, has rose satin with blue tulle gracefully draped over skirt and

Space will not permit listing even the variety of models. Charming things for afternoon, general, dinner and evening wear—at prices ranging from

\$35.00 to \$295.00

Costume Salon—Third Floor.

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

(Illustrated)
Navy Blue Georgette,
with black bead trimming;
suitable for afternoon or
dinner wear. Price—
\$110.00



Letters from the People

State Senator Cook Sets Us Right

Jefferson City, Mo., March 8th, 1919.
Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your editorial in this week's issue of the MIRROR, you exaggerate my influence in the political affairs of our State and also misunderstand my purpose in protesting in my telegram to Senator Reed.

Senator Reed will not be a candidate in the next election, and my only purpose in wiring him was to try and have him cease his continual fault-finding with all war legislation and peace plans of the administration. I would occupy the same position if either Judge Hughes or Mr. Taft were president. I have supported Senator Reed whenever he was a candidate. In those days I was actively in politics, which is not the case today, as my close friends, whom you happen to know, can tell you. My two sons volunteered at the beginning of the war; one of them is still in France and the other has been honorably discharged and has resumed his duties in my Trust Company here. I felt because of my support of Senator Reed and my personal friendship for him that it was not pre-

sumptuous in me to candidly state to him wherein I thought he made mistakes. I am sure when you understand all the facts you will readily see you have misunderstood my purpose.

SAM B. COOK.

[State Senator Cook's statement is simple and direct and therefore to be accepted—except as to his disclaimer of influence in political affairs in Missouri. Mr. Cook has much influence and deservedly so for his abilities and pleasing personality. That it isn't always on my side is not to say that it is bad. Senator Reed will not be a candidate in the next election; but how about the election after the next? W. M. R.]

A Woman Who Had a Soldier's Job

* * * Pa., March 6, 1919.
Editor Reedy's Mirror:

Reading "The Short Circuit" by Frances J. McCardell in last week's MIRROR regarding returned soldiers' out of employment, and women not releasing their jobs, it seems too bad, but am sure this is not the general condition.

If a boy held a job at the time of being called to the colors, and if he filled it competently, I believe there are not

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many employers but would give him preference when he returns. Besides, there can be two sides to these stories, and in this, as well as other things, circumstances alter cases.

While I do not want this letter published, would like to state my case and thought, if you should some time be writing on the subject, you might speak a word for the women who responded gladly to the industrial call when men were taken into military service, and who have now to step down and out.

I strove with all my might, from the time the Central Powers invaded Belgium, for victory to the allied arms, when nine-tenths of Americans were saying, "Let them fight it out over there; it is none of our-affair."

Just a couple of months before the armistice one of our letter carriers was drafted, and there was no one to take his place. The postmaster asked me, saying that the job would be good for a

year or two at least and perhaps as long as I would want it.

It looked good to me, and I gave up my permanent work. I had it only four months, when the young man returned. He had only been to camp.

He is twenty-two years old. I am getting well along in years. He has a home. I have none. I liked the work and was anxious to keep it, but the job was his and I gave it up, and now I am out of work, in these deflated times, with not a glimpse of a prospect in view.

And I wonder which of us was the more patriotic!
E. Y.

♦♦♦

"Have you ever tried to love your enemies?" "Yes," answered the slow-speaking man, "I have tried. But I never got a real enemy to reciprocate my affections with any degree of reliability."—Washington Star.

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When George Did It.

By Harry B. Kennon

"Holy smoke," exclaimed my wife by way of caustic greeting. "Holy smoke!" Then she added with characteristic accuracy: "You're a sight—a perfect sight! Look at your eye!"

"Can't, my dear, can't. T'other's gone blind out of sympathy. Be sympathetic yourself, darling. Fetch me a piece of raw beef."

"Darling! Don't darling me. Beef costs money."

"Let packers take their profit. Any price to subdue this painful swelling. Don't jump at conclusions. I'm sober. Don't laugh."

But she did, hang it, she laughed all the way out to the refrigerator and back, as I haven't heard the cheerful soul laugh since before the war. Oh, well, hysteria was in the air that day, but she needn't have rubbed it in. Cutting the beef into strips with exasperating deliberation, she inquired: "Why bring your disgrace home to me? Aren't there doctors down town to—?"

Sometimes a show of affection dams inquiry; I showed: "Where else should I come for first-aid, dear? Didn't you marry me for better or worse?"

"Worst ever," chirped my dear, pressing a strip of beef home. "Don't squirm. I'm no doctor."

"What's the good of your Red Cross training? Gee! Go easy."

"Hurts, does it? Why didn't you go to a doctor then?"

"Doctors are all drunk or crazy today. Everybody's drunk or crazy. Too much peace—nobody home."

"Fudge," scoffed my comforter. "Such didos at your age."

"Didos the devil! 'Tis an honorable wound."

"It's the blackest black eye I ever saw—where it isn't blue," my wife replied. "How did you come by it? Who did it?"

"George did it."

"George! George who? Not—?"

"Uh-huh. Your paragon of perfection, George Curtin—blast him!"

"George wouldn't hurt a fly," was the incredulous return. "I don't believe it."

"You've got to," I retorted. "Did I ever lie to you?"

"Oh, never," answered the little fibber, "never." And then she went off into peals of laughter I could see no reason for because of raw beef. "What in thunder's the joke now?" I growled.

"George," she gasped. "Correct old George—erstwhile George . . ."

"Erstwhile George!" My clever wife had called the old duffer's new number. Erstwhile George—old sobersides Curtin who had put me on the blink. Why, I could hardly believe in his transfiguration myself—only on' must believe his own eyes; that is, until blinded.

What had become of George Curtin's weak heart that kept him so studiously steady back there in the merry twenties when the old century was jolly well dying? George, who was of us to a man, if not with us to the limit; George, who wrapped himself in a cocoon of care that suggested but a dullard at best—and here he had busted out a bruiser, confound him, to bung my eye. Could this be George Curtin of yesterday—of the old days?

Those merry twenties! There was Frank dead of a woman worth no man's living for; Jack, counting his cash, though never near with it, now our banker; Pete, who conquered commercial power and place in an easy walk; Dixie, from Mississippi, who would tell scandalous tales of his grandmother if let, who dearly loved an audience, whose audience loved him though he gibed it—

Dixie, dear chap, who passed on, as we are told Brummel passed, entertaining phantom friends; Fred, who soldiered to Cuba, who returned with an incurable malady they said killed him—though an unhappy Italian countess knows that the boy carried desire for death with him to Santiago. One hears of Hester now and then, of her fine American fortune wasted, of her misery. Does she ever solace herself with what might have been but for empty ambition. One wonders. One wonders, too, at the diverging ways of others of us then of like kidney—never of George Curtin,

however, of kidney detached; old safety-first George.

George, who has been groomsman or pall-bearer to the bunch of us. How the bunch has thinned—though most of us remaining have taken on flesh, particularly we married ones. But not George. George has gymnasticated himself into his serene forties with a waist. Never did a fellow so cultivate his handsome body and good mind as circumspect George Curtin. Nothing could shake him out of his orbit.

Has a man any morals who never knows temptation? If so, George was as moral as you please. And yet he could appreciate a spicy tale, a jolly feed, drink, in most moderate moderation, a fine woman. Odd, George's way with women, his curiously courteous, microscopic attitude towards them. He experienced both sorts in their infinite variety, else he couldn't have stayed in with the bunch, as he did stay. And both sorts liked the man. They felt him safe, as we all did—knew him safe, admired the way he held up friendship's end without blunting it with passion. My wife—. Why, my young daughter adores the old boy, calls him Uncle George.

And the girl works him—my wife works him—we all work him. Somehow, George has ever found time to do things for others—delicate things requiring diplomacy, sometimes disagreeable things. We would turn a thing over to George and rest content that he would do it. Why, Hester sent her last message to Fred through George.

Naturally, and pathetically, accidents like business and marriage have scattered the old bunch—our wives somehow don't hitch—some of us are keen competitors. Those of us left see one another but seldom. George I see more frequently, because George makes it a point to see all of us. But that day I met him by chance. That day—

Such a day! A day to be remembered as Bogus Victory day. At noon the town went mad with news of Germany's defeat, of a humiliating armistice signed—stark, staring, crazy mad. Reason denied the news to me and kept me calm—there had not been sufficient time for such action overseas. A later edition of the papers confirmed my doubt. Everybody was buying papers, nobody reading anything in them but what they desired to read, despite headlines to the contrary. In the mess and the melee I ran into George.

"Victory!" the old boy yelled. "Victory! Let's wet it!"

Really, George must have had a drink already, perhaps two on end.

"But, George," I said, "It's not true yet. Look at this later edition."

"Damn your later edition!" shouted George. He snatched the paper from my hand, crumpled it up and threw it into the air. The air was filled with flying stuff of every description. Men and women had to throw things.

"But, George," I remonstrated, "use some reason."

"Reason hell!" hoarsely screamed George. "Who talks of reason today! To hell with reason!"

"You are mad, George, mad!"

A sudden stillness came over George at that, an ominous, murderous stillness. "Damn you for a pro-German!" he said, and saying so, he biffed me in the eye.

Then he jumped up onto a passing auto-truck loaded with frantic victors. Two screeching fairies grabbed him. One snatched off his respectable hat and jammed it on her head. In a moment he had both fairies on his knees, their arms around his neck.

I saw no more. Couldn't for my eye. I went home to my wife. . . .

Well, the following Monday, Real Victory day, my eye calmed into something like decency, I hunted George up. Found him in hospital exhausted, a wreck. I leaned over his bed and offered him the hand of peace. "The armistice was signed this morning," I said. "It's Victory, old boy; real Victory this time."

"Oh, go to hell!" replied George, pulling the cover up over his head.

I returned to my wife and reported. She says that she knows precisely how George feels, says she is glad George did it. And she laughs, dear soul, how she laughs!

♦♦♦

Clemenceau, Novelist

By Roy Temple House

The whole world now knows Georges Clemenceau as the forceful First Minister who played Lincoln to the Grant of General Foch. A good fraction of the world knew him before as the caustic journalist whose *Homme Enchâiné* became, by virtue of the war, *L'Homme Libre*. But our Western world, at least, has not known him as a novelist. Perhaps our Western world would have managed to exist without such knowledge, for Clemenceau the story-writer bulks much less imposingly than Clemenceau the statesman. But there is a bitter flavor to his short stories (*Aux Embuscades de la vie*, published in 1903) which is not always wholly unpleasant, although mostly so; and of course nothing produced by a mind of this calibre is negligible.

Clemenceau is a born "anti" and a confirmed cynic. The teachings of his stories are more clear than comforting. We have no reason to believe in a God or a Hereafter, which is just as well, because no form of existence could be worth the living. There is no such thing in this world as virtue, wisdom, or enduring happiness. We are all poor miserable sinners—but what of it? It would scarcely pay to be anything else in so random and unjust a universe. We are all futile and ridiculous,—with the possible exception of the cynical philosopher who sees through it all and who plucks the day with Horace and Ausonius. All the common canons of virtue and holiness are, by the bulk of mankind, honored in the breach; and it is better for mankind that this is so. *Octave de Boisgiron* is united in a *mariage de convenance* to *Berthe de La Palud*, and they are sick with disgust of each other before they are half-way up

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the Nile in the first fortnight of their honeymoon. *Rene de Callians*, an old acquaintance of *Octave's*, happens along and cheers them both very successfully for years. *Berthe* is not unfaithful to *Octave*, for she owes him nothing. The *mariage de convenance* is a foolish farce, and it is the part of wisdom to ignore its useless vows. So everybody concerned is really better off (including *Octave*, who is thus justified in seeking feminine society elsewhere) for the laudable freedom from prejudice shown by *Rene* and *Berthe*. When the lady dies, the two men weep in each other's arms, and spend their remaining decade

or so of life regretting her in a pathetic duo.

Clemenceau is almost never easy to read or amusing, although many of his stories (it is not quite just to him to cite the above so prominently) have a certain gloomy power and some are markedly ingenious. *Union Assortie* is worthy of Maupassant. An honest bourgeois pair of Caen, earning a modest living in the drapery business, rearing a family and marrying them well, and dying on the same day, earn the life-long approval and envy of their neighbors. But the truth of the union was that the *mariage de convenance*

(next to the Catholic Church, Clemenceau's pet aversion) had been brought about by mutual misrepresentation of the two families' financial status, and that the couple spent their lives in impotent hate and small persecutions such as over-salted meats, slyly-opened windows, bits of glass on the floor, traps and tricks of every description, the setting of one child against another, culminating in a touch of something from the apothecary's shop in the old man's sassafras tea, and a paroxysm of fright on the part of the murderer which carried her off before her husband's body was cold. "How they loved

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each other!" sighed the neighbors.
"What a perfect match!"

Clemenceau always writes with a purpose. He is always didactic—though Heaven help us if we accept the moral of any one of his fables!—and we must be satisfied to find romance and pathos relegated to the parentheses. There are tears and beauty in the story of the young priest who is bulldozed into the church by an ex-Magdalene with means, who plays the accompaniment for the beautiful young sister in charge of the little hospital, and who mounts his pulpit one morning to find that slanderous tongues have been at work and have secured the substitution of a hunch-backed termagant for his friend. Not all the bitterness at the church and malicious society can quite kill the charm of the innocent liaison. Clemenceau is a poet, now and then, in spite of himself.

And he loves a joke, and tells it well. Any reader with a desire for fair play must feel inclined to resent his contempt for the Polish Jews of *Gédéon dans sa tombe*, *Simon, fils de Simon*, and *Aupied de la croix*; but the first two at least are rollickingly well told. Old *Gideon*, the merchant prince, warns his "coming" sons that if after his death they allow their craving for social advancement to lure them to Christianity, he will turn over in his grave. *Daniel* is the first to violate the paternal interdiction and disturb the repose of the deceased; but some months later *Nathan* restores him to his original position by the simple expedient of repeating *Daniel's* offence. *Simon*, son of *Simon*, plays the lottery and prays to Jehovah for success, promising him a fifth part of the gain, but he wins nothing. Then he invokes the Saviour of the Christians, making the same promise, and is awarded the Grand Prize. But the coffers of the church grow no richer for his good fortune. "The proof," he reasons, "that Jahveh is superior to the Christian God, is that he knew that I could never bring myself to part with a hundred thousand florins. He knoweth our hearts. He does not expect the impossible from us. The other was deceived by my good faith, of which I was for a time the dupe, myself. Jahveh alone is great, my son."

It is a comfort to find the collection ending with the Italian sketch *Giambolo*. This time Clemenceau is abusing the tourist and his scoundrelly guides. On the campanile of Torcello, at Venice, the cicerone draws out his dirty field-glass and shows an enraptured group of visitors the vague and distant Giambolo. On the roof of the Duomo of Milan, another rascal elicits a harvest of silver by pointing out to his group of innocents a far, filmy Giambolo. On the exterior rotunda of the convent of Assisi, still another foolish company are certain that they catch on the horizon a glimpse of the guide's much-heralded Giambolo. "And if any of you should ever doubt, friend reader, even from your easy-chair, follow the counsel gleaned at the Venetian lagoon: 'Close your eyes a little,' and you will see Giambolo." It is comforting

because, for all this broadside of misanthropy, and even through it here and there, we have discovered that the old Premier is not above closing his eyes a little now and then, and that when he does so he himself catches a glimpse of Giambolo.

From the New York Nation.

♦♦♦

Mrs. Wharton's Marne

By Catherine Postelle

In a small book of only one hundred and twenty-eight pages Edith Wharton has compressed what she might so easily have expanded into a fat volume, the story of the inception of the great world war, the curious quick-succession jumble of events and its swift progression through four unimaginable years. She presents the picture through the magnified vision of one *Troy Belknap*, an American youth of fifteen at the beginning and nineteen at the end of the volume, and it is the war as a great motive power in the development of the boy's character that one finds the reason for being of the book. (Scribner's, New York).

Child of wealth with an absorbed, money-getting father and a fond, foolish fashion devotee for a mother, *Troy* even at fifteen has a perception, a comprehension of realities, an awakening to the meaning of existence, unaccounted for by heredity. Caught in France when the great cataclysm shook it to its center, *Troy* alone of his little group of stranded Americans perceived the meaning of the hour and grasped the purport of the struggle. The others make the war the background of personal grievances. *Troy* stood apart with all the world's woe gathered in his breast. France, his France, the country around which his precocious imaginings had so long hovered, was attacked, outraged, and he a little American boy of only fifteen was powerless to throw himself into the struggle for her defense.

Troy was ripe for the lesson of the Marne, for it had been his supreme good fortune to fall under the influence of *Paul Gantier*. The best thing in life his mother ever did for him was to remove *Troy* at least partially from her own sordid and material influence and throw him all too willing into the hands of his French tutor, *Monsieur Gantier*. Tutor and friend, in the few years of his opportunity, he had so trained *Troy's* faculties, so opened his soul, so set the pace, that though *Gantier* was swept up and under by the first swirl of the great war current, the boy could still follow where the other led.

Though we are never brought face to face with the man, *Monsieur Paul Gantier* is the great character of the book. We feel it is he who controls the destiny of *Troy*, from the beginning even to the end.

He had given France to *Troy*, had inflamed the boy's young heart with a mad passion for her. "Open as many windows as you can on the universe," he taught, and gave him France as the great traceried window through

which he might look. "Self-satisfaction means death," he reiterated, but France, always dissatisfied, was a living, moving force, always rising gallantly from the ashes of her mistakes and her defeats.

So well had the pupil learned his lesson—comprehension of values and perception of inner truths—that when he stood amid the desolation after the first battle of the Marne, he recognized that here had taken place a great spiritual conflict. It so happened that here great physical forces had been opposed, but somewhere, at some time the great powers that make for civilization and freedom had to meet in conflict the powers that make for enslavement and retrogression.

It was a sacred spot to *Troy*, and he felt nothing short of anguish that he had been too young to help with his blood also to make for its consecration.

*"And gentleman in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they
were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap
whiles any speak
That fought with us."*

France had been spiritually ready for conflict, but on returning to America, *Troy* found a chaos of opinion, his country thrown into a spasm of war work and—talk—"jawing," as characterized by *Sophia Wicks*.

America because of her distance and difference had not realized the war. He who had been there and had heard the mighty throb of the heart of France, knew, but there were none to take seriously the enthusiasms of the boy. *Troy* was sickened by the bluntness of that circle hovering about his own home. What a standard of human dignity! The mere fact, life-in-itself, was the one thing that mattered, and getting killed the one thing to be avoided. To him a world worth living for was a world worth dying for.

"We must teach France efficiency," the youths said, concerning themselves with badges and uniforms. The women, voiced by *Hinda Warlick*, were going over to teach France to love children and home and outdoor life and the young Frenchmen to love their mothers!

After two years of fretting his heart out *Troy* had volunteered as a member of the ambulance corps, and he was again to hear *Hinda Warlick* declaiming, this time with half-suppressed sobs in a Y. M. C. A. hut in France. Her lips had been touched with a coal from the altar and she could now proclaim the truth.

"I have just come from the front. They are dying there by the thousands, now, this minute, and I understand now why they mean to keep on and on dying. I know France and she is worth it. I've seen those young Frenchmen dying. Though blind they knew how to find their mothers, and though without arms they knew how to hug 'em. Ever see a French soldier that didn't have a photograph of a baby stowed away somewhere in his dirty uniform?"

As a member of the Ambulance Corps *Troy* was swept forward to the battle front. An accident happens to his am-

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balance and *Troy*, realizing that the supreme moment for him has come, flings himself into a troop of advancing Americans. It is the second battle of the Marne. *Troy* volunteers in a scouting expedition that precedes the main body of men, attempts to rescue a wounded comrade, and is himself struck down. Wounded and helpless, he has a strange consciousness that a friend is near. "Lifting his eyes he saw there in the dawn a French soldier with the face of *Paul Gantier* bending low and whispering, '*Mon petit*—*Mon pauvre petit garç*'—he felt *Gantier's* arms under him floating him away to a place of safety."

For many readers the introduction of the supernatural spoils the climax, but whether it is intended as propaganda of belief in such demonstration of the occult, or whether it is meant to be only a sick man's fanciful idea, it establishes one thing clearly—the dominating influence of *Paul Gantier*.

The same situation is handled by Locke in "The Rough Road," but there is a long cry from *Paul Gantier* to *Phineas McPhail*, the dear unprincipled tutor of *Doggie*. *Troy* and *Doggie* came from similar environment, but it took a breaking up of *Doggie* to

smash his china dogs, while *Troy* at the beginning stood on those heights to which *Doggie* only climbed through humiliation and defeat, through the stink of battle and bitter wounds.

The story is told in a clear, trenchant style and moves swiftly and unerringly to the end. It lacks but one touch—the poet's. It is a tale well told, but the theme is never lifted. It does not thrill with the poetry of passion for one's country, nor shake the heart with tears. Dunsany is the poet. Through blinding tears we see "The Mirage," the desolation and the ruin.

♦♦♦

Little Jack Smith's Sunday-school teacher, after a lesson on Ananias and Sapphira asked, "Why is not everybody who tells a lie struck dead?" Little Jack answered gravely, "'Cause there wouldn't be anybody left."—*Boston Transcript*.

♦♦♦

Naughty Norma

Norma Talmadge, the screen star, was defending the short skirt. "You men are never content," she declared. "We wear hobble skirts and you guy us. We wear slashed skirts and you

guy us. We wear short skirts and it's the same old story." Miss Talmadge shrugged her shapely shoulders and showed her white teeth in a laugh. "In fact," she said, "whenever we poor girls put on something new, you men take it off."

♦♦♦

A famous British admiral was complimented on his superb health. "I attribute it," he said, "to plenty of exercise and no banquets. One-third of what we eat enables us to live." "What becomes of the other two-thirds?" asked his friend, jestingly. "Oh, that enables the doctor to live," was the prompt reply.

♦♦♦

"Mama, have I any children?" asked six-year-old Dorothy. "Of course not, dear. What do you mean?" "Well, the preacher spoke in church this morning about children's children, and I wondered if I had any."—*Dallas News*.

♦♦♦

Jail Visitor—My friend, have you any religious convictions? *Prisoner*—Well, I reckon that's the right word. I was sent here for robbing a church.—*Boston Transcript*.

Irish or Not—

St. Patrick's Day is something of a holiday with all of us ir. these United States—whether we're Irish enough to justly claim it or not.

That's why the Statler puts the seventeenth of March on its schedules for a good dinner, well-served (as befits the good day) at \$2 per plate.

You're invited. There'll be some thought of the green little isle in the music program, and every provision we can make for your comfort and good cheer.

Bring a party if you will, come alone if you must; you're promised an enjoyable dinner either way.

Now to 9 p. m., \$2 per person. Tables may be reserved by phone. Special menus, or à la carte service, if you prefer either to the fixed-price dinner.

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Next Week—GIRLS DE LOOKS.

Coming Shows

David Warfield, the beloved, will be the attraction at the American Theater for one week beginning Monday, March 17th. The play will be "The Auctioneer." In this play Mr. Warfield first found himself. This was seventeen years ago. His impersonation, or it might be called incarnation, of *Simon Levi*, the dear old Hebrew peddler of Hester street, has lingered in loving memory of playgoers ever since. The votaries of the theater in St. Louis have always turned out in multitudes to welcome Mr. Warfield on all his too infrequent appearances. They will give him a rousing greeting when he "comes on" in his old, yet unfaded, comedy.

A revival of Edward Locke's famous comedy "The Climax," first seen ten years ago, is scheduled by Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Shubert-Jefferson for the week beginning Sunday, March 16th. That dainty and charming actress, Eleanor Painter, will have the leading part. Miss Painter has many talents, comedic, musical and other. She has ranged from the heaviest grand to the lightest comic operas. She will be remembered for her work in the "Lilac Domino," "Princess Pat" and "Gloriana." The boy part in "The Climax" will be taken by Effingham Pinto, who created the role in the original production. Walter Wilson, a sterling character actor and Mitchell Harris especially well known here, are likewise members of the cast.

Manager Edward J. Sullivan, of the Orpheum, announces for the week of March 17, Clifton Crawford, erstwhile star comedian in "Three Twins," "My Best Girl," "The Quaker Girl," "Her Soldier Boy" and "Fancy Free," in a repertory of songs cleverly displaying his personality, versatility and intelligence. Music lovers will have delight also in Mme. Doree's imitations of Caruso, Destinn, Mary Garden, Tetrazzini, Plancon, Scotti, John McCormack, Louise Homer and Geraldine Farrar. Mme. Doree is the widow of the well known New Yorker, Dore Lyon, has been president of the Federation of Women's Clubs in the metropolis and was one of the hostesses at the New York Building during the St. Louis Exposition. As the original Daffy Dill, Bert Fitzgibbon appears in an eccentric, erratic and whimsical monologue on current topics. A living-picture allegorical drama of the present entitled "All for Democracy" shows Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Lee gathering in counsel with President Wilson. Venita Gould impersonates Anna Held, Emma Trentini, Mme. Nazimova and George Cohan in a lightning-change act. A fancy entitled "Clothes, Clothes, Clothes," written by Marion Sunshine, is interpreted by the pretty and clever sisters, Georgette and Capitola De Wolf. The comic singing and dancing act of Rupp and Linden, sailor lads from the Great Lakes Station, is of unique interest. Archie and Gertie Falls appear in novel postures culminating in a startling acrobatic stunt. The Orpheum Travel weekly will show Tunis and the ruins of Carthage, scenes in the flowerland of China, China at work, a Peruvian Sheep Ranch, 16,000 feet above sea level, and cotton picking in Peru.

The Columbia's headline attraction next week will be of a dancing number in a beautiful scenic setting; four beautiful young women and a man, headed by Miss Viola Napp, who once played the part of Fifi in the "Merry Widow." John J. O'Connor's entertaining skit, "Putting One Over," will be presented by Richard Milloy and William Keough. A prime favorite is Schepp's Comedy Circus of dogs and monkeys. A classy singing number is that by Ferguson and Sunderland, a happy young man and graceful young woman. Those versatile, Miller and Hudson, finish off the vaudeville program. The week's film is Kay Laurel, a famous Ziegfeld Follies girl, in Rex Beach's Goldwyn picture, "The Brand."

To the Grand Opera House next week come "The Follies of Today," a whirl of song and dance by the Moore-Megley Company, with such stars as Rose and Evelyn Bunnin, Earl Mossman and Hal Sherman. A very successful playlet, "Who Was to Blame?" will be shown by Elsie Williams and Company. Billy

and Edna Frawley, a nut and a Titian beauty, put on an act of startling cleverness. Other numbers will be Grant Gardner, blackface funster; Skelley and Heit, songs and character work; Kipp and Kippy, juggler comedians; Clifford and Marsh, art and melody; Rosalie Asher, the bundle of joy; Margaret and Hanley, novelty entertainers; the Animated Weekly, Mutt and Jeff Cartoons and Sunshine Comedies and Town Topics from the Literary Digest.

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Chicago Quiet

During a heavy barrage fire General Pershing, in passing by a front line trench, came upon a camp cook in blue overalls, bending close to his fire and busily engaged in winding and setting an alarm clock. The gun chorus was in full swing and sleep seemed incredible. "What's the big idea?" asked the astonished general, and he had to shout to make himself heard. "I want to be sure to wake up when time comes for the boys to go over the top," the cook answered, adding, "You see, a little noise doesn't bother me. I used to work in an all-night restaurant in the railroad yards at Chicago."

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The Chase in France

An American once made a hunting trip to the estate of two brothers, Frenchmen, in the Basses Pyrenees, behind Biarritz. The American guest tramped all morning with his French hosts, but no game was sighted. At last, however, a rabbit ambled from a chestnut grove. The American put up his gun to fire, but one of the hosts seized his arm and cried: "No, no! Don't shoot, *mon ami*, zat iss Gustave. We nevar shoot at Gustave." The American was a good deal astonished, but he said nothing. A little later they encountered a second rabbit. The American once more prepared to fire, but was again interrupted, his hosts crying: "No, no! Zat is Gaby. We nevar shoot at Gaby." The American smiled. Now he thought he understood. In a short time a third rabbit was sighted, but the American, of course, didn't dream of potting it. Instead he lit a cigarette. His friends, however, set up a tremendous hulabaloo. "Shoot, shoot!" they shouted; "zat iss Cleo. We always shoot at Cleo."

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Stage Manager—Our scene-shifter wants a holiday. He says he hasn't been away for five years. *Proprietor*—Well, tell him he can't have one. He gets change of scenery enough for anybody. —*New York Globe*.

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"Did some one chase you?" asked Willie's mother. "You're all out of breath." "No—I'm not—ma," gasped the boy. "I've got—twice as much—bref as I can brieve—that's all!"—*Boston Transcript*.

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"Speaking of bad falls," remarked Jones, "I fell out of a window once, and the sensation was simply awful. I really think that I thought of every mean act I had ever committed." "Humph!" growled Thompson. "You must have fallen an awful distance."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Marts and Money

Wall street has recovered from its fit of disgust and despair over the failure of important bills during the final session of the sixty-fifth Congress. It claims that confidence has been restored by reassuring statements of Director-General Hines and the chairman of the War Finance Corporation.

According to the latest information, Mr. Hines has called a conference of prominent bankers and railroad officials, with the intention of forming a syndicate which is to provide \$500,000,000 for the most urgent requirements. There is a possibility even that the originally fixed sum of \$750,000,000 may be raised in the very near future. J. P. Morgan & Co., it is said, are viewing the project favorably. Such may well be the case. The firm cannot afford to let the situation develop into a crisis of the first magnitude. They have too much at stake as it is, on both sides of the Atlantic.

There are intimations that recourse may be had, shortly, either to the War Finance Corporation or the Federal Reserve Board. In the event that the latter organization is appealed to, treasury certificates of indebtedness are likely to be floated in a form suitable to re-discount at Federal Reserve Banks.

At any rate, stock exchange traders have made up their minds that the worst is over, and that nothing will happen that would be likely to bring a financial convulsion. Of course, something may occur again, unexpectedly, and give confidence another rude shock for a few days. The potentialities of adversity are quite numerous these days. In high circles, the plan evidently is to keep things agreeable and attractive until the culmination of the bull campaign or completion of the Victory-Liberty loan. A real, general advance usually lasts three months, at least. If special causes intervene, the period may be shorter or longer than that.

The last course of enhancement was again chiefly confined to industrials, specialties, and some mining issues. Rude squeezing of "shorts" could be detected in numerous directions. Its results naturally served to intensify the desire to buy among folks who never can resist the seductive power of violent bull manipulation and daily gains of

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two or three points. At the proper psychological moment, Chairman Gary of the Steel Corporation cut loose once more,—this time at the Steel Institute. Said he, in part, "We occupy positions of great responsibility. What we do at this moment may have an important bearing upon the whole business situation. We must not, we will not, intentionally make a mistake. . . There is ahead of us large business prosperity. We may hasten or retard its progress, depending upon our attitude. If we avail ourselves of the opportunities offered, we will succeed. . . After peace is declared and made secure, and with cordial and reasonable co-operation between the government and business interests, we should realize the greatest prosperity in our experience."

Since delivery of these sentiments, Steel common has scored an advance of five points. The ruling quotation is 97, as compared with a minimum of 88½ about a month ago. Of course, the stock is confidently expected to hit par again in the next few days. Bethlehem Steel "B," which could be bought at 55½ in January, shows a gain of about \$15.

Simon R. Guggenheim, who has just returned from Europe, is credited with these cautious remarks: "Europe is sick, very sick, and while reconstruction will mean big demands for products of all sorts, they will not develop for some time to come. What American business men must learn to do is to build up a domestic market for their products and also to try to establish themselves in neutral countries. This should be their first thought and effort, instead of depending upon Europe as an outlet for their goods." Despite these vague, warning words, American Smelting & Refining common recorded a rise from 66 to 70½. This seems a pretty good valuation, the indicated net yield being only about 5½ per cent.

Wall street operators smiled understandingly when it became known that a stock exchange seat had been transferred for \$72,000, the best price so far in 1919. It was promptly concluded that this must be taken as another bull tip and that the end of the bulge is not yet in sight. So far as my memory goes, the highest price ever paid for a membership was \$98,000—some ten or twelve years ago.

The upward tendency in quoted values of copper stocks was but slightly interfered with for a little while by news of our additional dividend reductions. The quarterly amount of the Utah was reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.50; that of the Nevada Consolidated, from 5 cents to 37½ cents; that of the Chino, from \$1 to 75 cents, and that of the Ray Consolidated, from 75 cents to 50 cents. Anaconda Copper, which sold at 56½ a little over a month ago, is now held at 62, while Utah has advanced from 65 to 73. According to trustworthy reports, approximately 2,500,000 pounds of copper were lately sold at 14½ cents per pound. This means a new minimum since 1915. The highest price attained during the war was 36 cents. The Government's holdings of copper aggregate 140,000,000 pounds, it is stated on good authority. This quantity is to be gradually reduced

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from month to month, under agreement with prominent producers, the expenses to be borne by the Government.

The monthly report of the Federal Reserve Board reads rather cheerfully. It declares that financial conditions have been quiet and encouraging in February, discount rates stable, and bank clearings heavier. With respect to labor and employment conditions, the report hints at "over-anxiety and exaggeration. Although the readjustment process is still far from having reached completion, there is much evidence that the factors which must be reckoned with in bringing about the desired reorganization of business and financial relationships are co-operating in a fairly satisfactory manner."

Quotations for bonds continue to sag in many instances, especially in the railroad department. The past few days witnessed declines of one to three points in some quarters. They were the consequence, at least in part, of the senatorial filibuster. Concerning the forthcoming loan, there still is more or less worrying in supreme financial circles,

though it is firmly assumed, of course, that the total amount will eventually be disposed of.

There are misgivings on the grain exchanges respecting the available reserves of wheat. One estimate has it that the total is only 107,500,000 bushels, or about the same as the record of a year ago. If this should be approximately correct, there's serious cause for uneasiness, for foreign requirements are extraordinarily large and likely to expand still more in the next three months. The shortages in seven or eight European countries are of sinister purport. Starvation is prevalent over wide areas. It should be noted, likewise, that the available supplies of corn are 420,000,000 bushels smaller than at this time in 1918.

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Finance in St. Louis

Though trading on the local stock exchange is not heavy, prices are distinctly firm in nearly all leading cases. It stands to reason that the tonic influences of the renascence in New York should soon be plainly visible. It is beyond doubt that a large part of spec-



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ulative capital has lately been diverted into long contracts in New York, where profits are accumulating more rapidly than in St. Louis. Boatmen's Bank has risen to 119, a price indicating an improvement of virtually \$20 over the 1918 minimum. Fifteen Bank of Commerce went at 126 the other day. This denotes a rise of \$16 when contrasted with the low notch in 1918. It plainly presages a higher dividend rate. Mississippi Valley Trust is quoted at 290 bid, 297 asked. In this instance, too, the tendency is steadily upward. Industrial issues are rather quiescent right now. Twenty Hydraulic-Press Brick preferred were sold at 27, five Certain-teed common at 29.50, five Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred at 76, seven first preferred at 100 and five Hamilton-Brown Shoe at 133. The value of United Railways 4s has rallied to 51 on relatively small transfers. Business is good at the local banks and trust companies and promising to be better still as the vernal season approaches. Interest rates are unchanged for time loans, quoted at 5½ to 6 per cent.

Would go slow in repurchasing St. Louis & San Francisco income 6s, quoted at 41½.

OWNER, Milford, Mass.—(1) Tobacco Products common is priced at 87½, or within three points of the high record set last February. If you have a profit of twelve points, enter your stop-loss order at the right level, say about five points under the current figure, and await further developments. Soon or late, the stock must cross par. (2) Hold Royal Dutch. Has been accumulated for some months. (3) Jewel Tea, quoted at 41, is a promising speculation.

FAITHFUL READER, Salt Lake City, Utah.—Colorado Fuel & Iron common is not an investment. The \$3 per annum cannot be considered as entirely secure. Been paid only since July, 1917. Nothing was paid between 1910 and 1917. It's fair to believe, however, that in the course of time, say in the next six or seven years, the stock may become a real investment. The company's properties are exceedingly valuable and of various character.

G. D., Newport, Ark.—St. Louis Southwestern preferred is a slow speculation. Has never been very popular, and an extensive price improvement must therefore be considered improbable. The stock is valued at 41 right now, against a recent low record of 31. The maximum in 1918 was 40%; the minimum, 28. Though 4 or 5 per cent could be disbursed, there's no likelihood that such action will be taken in the near future. The Government has signed a contract under which the company will get about \$500,000 as annual compensation, in addition to the certified standard return.

LONG, Cincinnati, O.—Better retain your Cuba Cane Sugar common. There's some mighty nice talk about it in Wall street. The clique appears to be preparing to get busy. Hints at financial difficulties are severely deprecated, and one important fellow has let it be known that he regards the company as one of the finest concerns of its class on the island. The current price is 24½, or sufficiently tempting to draw the crowd by and by.

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A Good Place

Sister Smith was called upon for testimony in a revival meeting. She humbly declined in these words: "I have been a transgressor and a black sheep for a good many years, and have only recently seen the light. I believe that my place is in a dark corner behind the door." Brother Jones was next called upon. Following Sister Smith's meek example, he said: "I, too, have been a sinner for more than forty years, and I do not think I ought to stand before you as a model. I think my place is behind the door, in a dark corner, with Sister Smith."

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Church—After all that has happened, do you suppose the Kaiser has changed? Gotham—No. A leopard can't change his spots. Church—Perhaps not, but he can have the spots knocked out of him.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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QUERIST, St. Louis.—Stutz Motor is rated at 51 at this moment. The price was 42½ on February 14. Has never been below 35¼ on the stock exchange. The stock is a specialty, netting about 10 per cent at current quotation. Has no par value. There may be an advance to 60 before long, in view of the returning popularity of shares of this kind. Stick to your certificate, end enter stop order at 54.

E. E. H., Evansville, Ind.—(1) There's no pressing cause for selling Lackawanna Steel 5s, of 1923, quoted at 97. They are a good investment, and not at all likely to decline materially in the next twelve months. They are mostly in the boxes of parties who can afford to disregard occasional fluctuations. (2)

REEDY'S MIRROR

Strictly Legal

The German people were promised a lot of things by the Kaiser and his militaristic coterie if they won the war, but now they'll get nothing." The speaker was Senator Lewis. "The German people," he continued, "have been fighting this war on a contingent fee. You know, of course, what a contingent fee is? No? Well, in a contingent fee case, if you lose, your lawyer gets nothing, and if you win, you get nothing."

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"Is your place within walking distance of the cars?"

"I dunno," answered farmer Corn-tossel. "How far kin you walk?"—*Washington Star*.

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"No, I never married."

"Never mind. Some day some girl will come along whom you can really love."

"That isn't the trouble. I know four or five now."—*Judge*.

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Deductive Precocity

The lawyer was sitting at his desk, absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So intent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open, nor see the curly head that was thrust into his office. A little sob attracted his notice, and turning, he saw a face that was streaked with tears and told plainly that feelings had been hurt. "Well, my little man, did you want to see me?" "Are you a lawyer?" "Yes. What do you want?" "I want—and there was a resolute ring in his voice—"I want a divorce from my papa and mamma."

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Movie Employer (*to applicant*)—Ever see a cow? *Applicant*—Yes. *Movie Employer*—I'm afraid you won't do. We want somebody to take the part of a cowboy.—*Life*.

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More the Better

The elderly millionaire was asking the advice of one of his friends at the club. "Would you consider it any harm to deceive her about my age?" he asked. "Perhaps not." "I'm sixty-two. How would it do to confess to fifty-two?" "I think your chances with Gladys would be better if you said you were seventy-two," said the friend.

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"Who is your favorite composer?" "Wagner," replied Mr. Cumrox. "You must be a student of music." "No. I mention Wagner for the sake of relieving myself of conversational strain. If the other man doesn't like Wagner he don't want to hear me say another word." "And if he does?" "He'll want to do all the talking himself."—*Tit-Bits*.

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Prussian Politeness

Henry Sohnshmidt, a millionaire of Charleston, was talking about Prussians in business. "Their conceit and arrogance are positively ludicrous," he declared. "I remember a Prussian dye salesman who once called on me. It was about some new dyes, and he made the sale. Then he got up, and said

pompously: 'But, Mr. Sohnshmidt, I will not trespass further on der time of a busy man.' 'Not at all,' I replied; 'I'm not very busy.' 'Excuse me,' retorted the Prussian, 'I was referring to meinself.'"

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The Highbrow Hen

Said Farmer Dole to his speckled hen, "Why don't you lay for me now and then?"

Said the speckled hen to Farmer Dole, "Because I've taken up birth control."—*Oliver Herford, in "The Laughing Willow"*.

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Senator King said at a luncheon in Washington: "I heard last Sunday an eloquent sermon on the subject of woman's fashions. The text, naturally"—and here the senator smiled—"the text was naturally taken from Revelations."

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Effect of a High Ball

The crowd around the ticker was discussing the operations of a youthful speculator, who shall be nameless. Said one: "I hear he was hit on the head with a golf ball two years ago and has been rather stupid ever since." "Maybe so," said the floor manager, "but he has cleaned up a million or more in the same time." "Gee!" said the first. Then after a pause, "Say, how do you go about learning to play golf?"

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It was a tumbledown hole of an inn, but the two commercial travelers had no choice. They were stranded by a snowdrift, and must lodge there or nowhere. Full of misgivings, they retired to the only bedroom available, and after bewailing their hard luck so near Christmas, climbed into the bed. Presently a curious odor permeated the atmosphere—in other words they smelt a smell. Vigorous search led one of them to the gas-bracket. "I say, Mac," he shouted, shaking his slumbering friend, "wake up! The gas is escaping." "Well," growled the other drowsily, "d'ye blame it?"

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"Why do they call orders they serve war portions?" "Because they give a man only a fighting chance of getting a meal."—*Baltimore American*.

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Reached The Limit

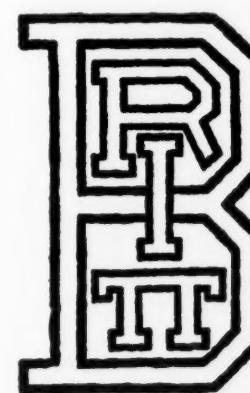
Mrs. Hicks was so painfully neat that she made life miserable for her family. One of her rules was that all members of the household must remove their shoes before entering the house. "Bill," she remonstrated one day with her husband, "I found a grease spot on one of the dining-room chairs, and I think it came off those pants you wear in the shop." A brief silence ensued, then a volcanic eruption. "Well, Mary, for the last fifteen years I have taken off my shoes every time I come into this house, but I'll be hanged if I'll go further."

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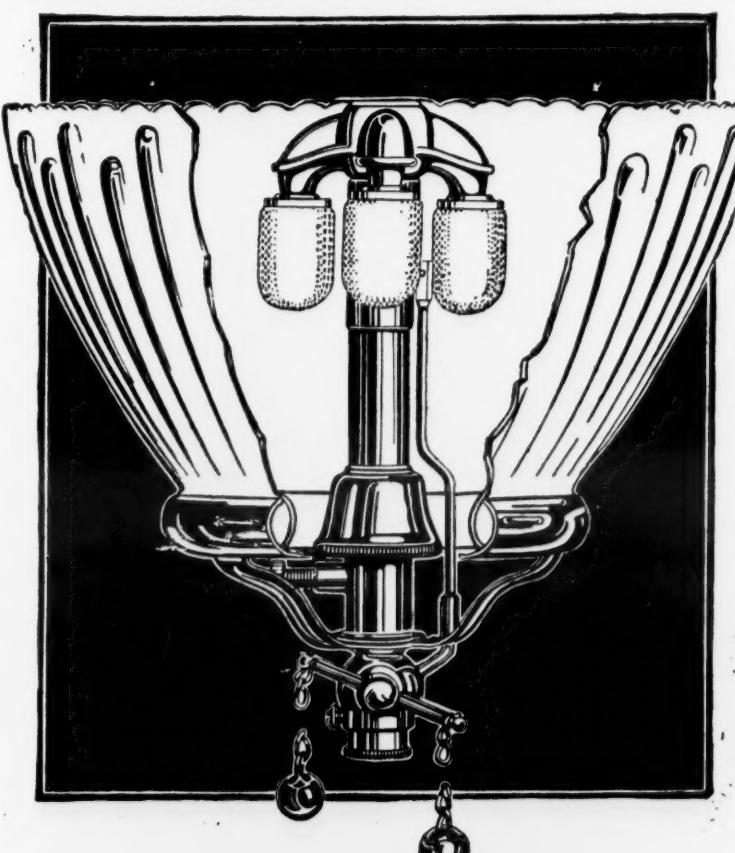
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WAR

BUT THEN CAME THE DAY when the nation squared its jaw and turned its face toward war—when industry in general lined up behind the nation in one solid phalanx to bring about the Great Result.

THREE WAS NO LONGER AN ABUNDANCE of labor and material available for any purpose not directly connected with the prosecution of the war. Thousands of highly trained telephone men and women were called upon to devote all their time and skill to meeting the needs of the government.

AND NEITHER WAS THERE the same normal demand for service. The candle was burned at both ends. While the supplies of the things that made service possible at all fell far below normal, the demand for the service rose steadily until St. Louis reached the high-water mark of 528,000 calls every twenty-four hours!

ST. LOUIS received during this period the best telephone service that war-time conditions would permit, but it was not and could not be the same type of service that the city enjoyed in days of peace.

RECONSTRUCTION

WE HAVE GONE THROUGH the troubled period of war and we face today the important period of reconstruction.

BUT IT HAS NOT BEEN POSSIBLE to overcome in a few months the handicaps imposed by nearly two years of a restricted supply of labor and material. Large numbers of additional employees cannot be trained to the highest point of efficiency in so short a period of time, nor can new cables and switchboards be improvised.

WE HAVE NOT YET BEEN ABLE, under these conditions, to bring your telephone service back to the same high standards that characterized it in pre-war days.

BUT THE SAME POLICY OF STRIVING to give to St. Louis the best telephone service known still exists, and today our efforts are centered first in the work of supplying the most efficient service that the present unsettled conditions will permit, and second in endeavoring to so shape conditions that a continually improved service will be possible.

May we expect your confidence and co-operation while waiting for that period of normality to which all business is looking forward?



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